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THE  
INTERSTATE SECOND READER .

BY  
KATE L. BROWN



BOSTON  
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

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*University of Chicago*

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TO THE  
DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE  
OF  
WEST PRIMARY SCHOOL,  
MILTON, MASS.





## TO MY FELLOW-WORKERS.

---

A few years ago, the Interstate Company published its Primer and First Reader, by Miss Cyr, of Cambridge, Mass. This little book has been a great help to many teachers, who found in it a literary and educational value, conspicuous for its absence in most books of this grade.

To follow so admired and successful a work is an undertaking which can only be approached with hesitation and misgiving.

The Second Reader now offered to the public has been planned to lead directly and easily from the Primer into more difficult work.

It will be seen that the first part is merely a review of the Primer words, and is designed simply for sight-reading.

In the Second Reader no diacritical marks have been used. The author proceeds on the assumption that Primer or First Reader work—especially with the great amount of supplementary reading now used—should render a child proficient in enough of phonics to be tolerably independent in his further reading, provided it is carefully graded.

While it is necessary for a child to be able to distinguish words, we would lay chief stress upon *thought-getting*.

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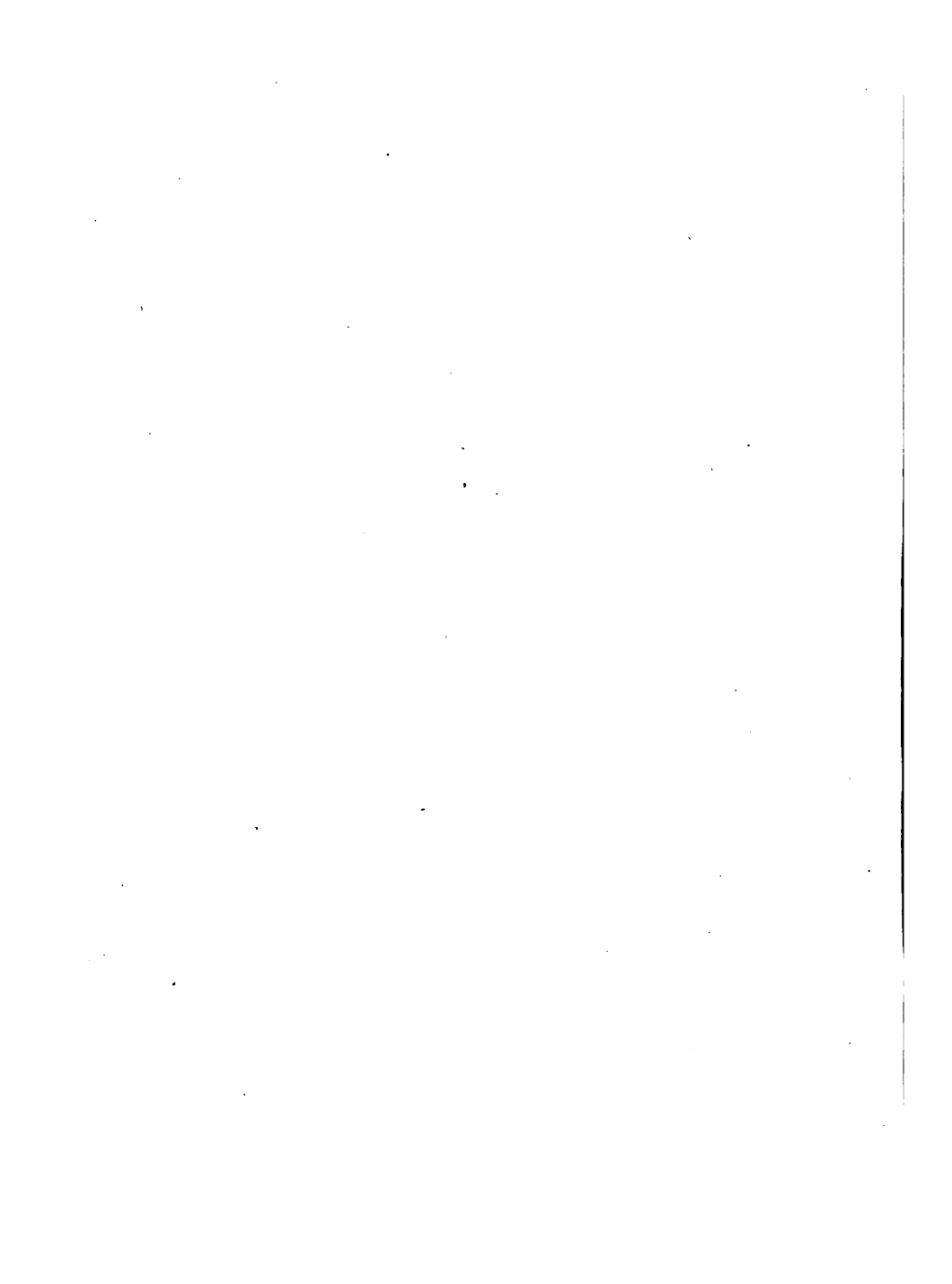
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THE  
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BY  
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BOSTON  
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

Well, boys, I hope you are all on the right side.

Our side means to beat, Grandma.

You must try and kill a few giants, boys. There are "I can't," "I won't," "I don't care"; all these are the children of the giant "Self."

We will try, Grandma. Forward! march!



#### IV.

##### NAN AT PLAY.

sprang	brown	right ly
va ca tion	drives	named

Nan is at play in the field. It is summer vacation, and school does not keep.

Little brother Tom plays with her. He is a sweet little child, yet sometimes he is naughty.

One day he picked all of mamma's tulips!

Tom and Nan have a little carriage drawn by a brown dog.

Sometimes Nan drives, and Tom says. "Get up, Brave!"

Nan is very kind to Tom. She tells him pretty stories, and picks flowers for him.

One day Tom fell into the lake. Brave sprang in and drew him out.

Do you not think he is rightly named?



## V.

### LITTLE SUMMER.

Oh, you funny little fellow!

What are you trying to do?

I am making a picture, little girl.

Please may I run and ask brother Charlie to come and see it?

Is he that boy who is making such a noise in the garden?

Yes, that is Charlie; he and Ned are playing soldiers.

I don't want those boys; they are sure to be naughty.

Why, only this morning they picked two of my best tulips. I wanted to paint them a little redder.

The boys are not naughty; they are only





fond of play. Grandpapa says, "Boys will be boys!"

Who are you? Please tell me.

I am little Summer. I paint the flowers blue and red, and make the grass green.

I am tired now, and shall stop to eat my lunch.

Then I shall get into my carriage drawn by squirrels, and go to another field.

Come to our field again, little Summer. Soon it will be vacation, and I can play with you.

I will see about it. Good-bye.



### Lesson I.

#### BESSIE'S GARDEN.

ground	gar den	get ting	cov ered
wa ter ing	read y	dol lars	grown

The children were all out of doors getting their gardens ready.

Tom was going to have peas, beans, and clover in his garden.

The clover was for Jet, his rabbit.

May wanted sweet-peas and pinks in hers.

"I shall pick a little bunch for Grandma every day," she said.

Charlie was planting corn.

"Mamma will not have to buy any all this summer, I hope," said the happy child, as he worked away.

Baby Bessie was running about from one garden to another.

At last she saw a bright stone on the ground.

She picked it up and looked at it.

It was very pretty. The baby said to herself, "It is a gold stone. I will plant it, and more gold will grow."

Now baby did not want any one to know about the gold stone.

So she ran away behind the apple-tree, and dug a little hole in the ground.

She put the stone in it and covered it over.

Then she took her little watering-pot and gave it a good watering.

"There! gold stone will grow, and Bessie will have ever so many dollars. Bessie will buy papa a horse."

Every day the baby ran out to the apple-tree to see if her stone had grown.

Do you think it ever did?

Bessie is older now and is too wise to plant stones.

She knows now why her gold stone did not grow.

Can you tell me why?

---

Lesson II.

THE RAINBOW.

a bove	ti ny	long ing	col ors
pure	arch	rain bow	fin gers

It was a warm summer day.

The grass was covered with dust.

Every flower was longing for the rain.

In the afternoon the sky above lost its blue. Dark clouds came and hid the sun.

"It is getting ready for rain," said Clover.  
"I am glad, for my red dress needs a good washing."

"The corn has grown very tall in the last week," said Miss Daisy.

"I am glad, for little Charlie watches it every day."

Down came the tiny drops.

All the flowers in the garden spread their skirts. The grass held up its green fingers, and every leaf washed its face.

After the rain was over the flowers lifted their heads again.

How pure the air was; how cool and sweet!

"Why! what is that in the sky?" cried Daisy.

All the flowers looked up, and a cry of joy came from them.

An arch of lovely colors lay against the sky.

One end seemed to rest on a hill; the other was lost in the lake waters.

"Why! it is red like my dress," said Clover.

"It is blue also, like Bessie's eyes," said Daisy.

"I see green like my blades," cried the grass.

"And it is yellow, too. I think the sun's rays must have got caught in it!"

They looked and looked, until the lovely colors began to fade away.

"Why! it has gone," cried Clover.

"Good-bye, beautiful child of the sky."

The rainbow faded quite away. The flowers put their heads under the leaves, for the sun was setting, and the time for sleep had come.



### Lesson III.

#### BABY'S GAME.

near	hide	game	wee
rested	mew	tired	cries

Baby is tired.

He has been playing with his mamma for a long time.

Shall I tell you about the game?

Mamma is a great big kitty.

Baby is a wee kit only as big as papa's two hands.

The wee kit runs and hides.

The big kitty goes all about the room.

"Come, kit, kit, kit!" she cries.

When mamma is near, the little kit keeps very still.

When she is far away, the kit says very softly, "Mew! mew!"

"Why, where can my kit be?"

"If my little kit runs away; I shall have to tie him to the house."

"Mew! mew! mew!" says the kit, running out of his hiding-place.

Then the big kitty runs after the little kit.

Oh, how fast the little kit runs!

But the big kitty catches him and ties him to the arm of the chair.

Now baby is very tired.

Mamma rocks him in her arms and sings, —

*My little kit is good and kind;  
A better kit you cannot find.*

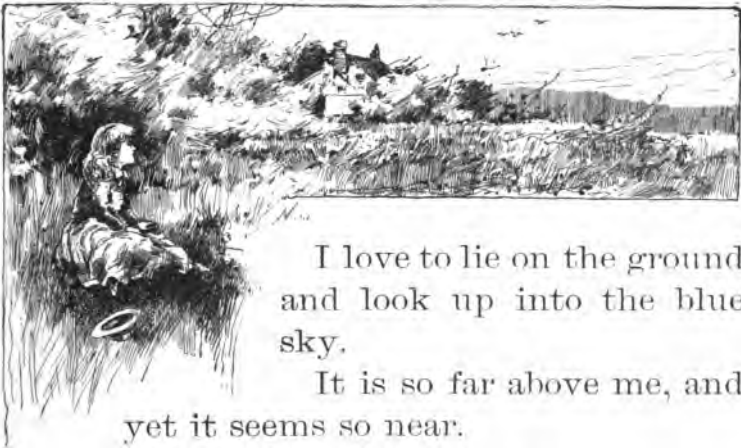
*His pretty eyes are soft and bright;  
His little foot-steps fall so light.*

*I love my little kit so kind;  
A better kit you cannot find.*

Lesson IV.

THE BLUE SKY.

ground	rain bow	ti ny	wat er ing
a bove	hide	pure	an gels
near	rest ed	cov ered	sky



I wish I were a bird. I would fly up into the blue sky.

Oh, sky, you are so big! Do the little birds ever get lost in you?

Who shows them the way to go?

Blue sky, you seem to come down and touch that hill.



The other day I saw a rainbow. It looked just as if one end rested on the hill. Pretty soon I saw no rainbow. What did you do with it? Did you hide it away?

At night, blue sky, you have many stars in you.

My little sister said a funny thing. Someone had given her a tiny watering-pot. She liked to see the water come out of the little holes.

One night when she saw the sky covered with stars, she said,—

“Oh, mamma! what a big watering-pot God has.”

Last night I saw the “Milky Way.” Is it the road where angels walk to God’s house?

I love to look at you, blue sky. You are so soft, so pure, so deep, so high, so great.

When I look at you I want to be good.

#### LANGUAGE LESSON.

Make stories out of the words at the beginning of the lesson.

Make believe you are a little bird in the sky, and tell what you see.

## Lesson V.

## COLD WINTER.

win ter	drear	strength	a fraid
shrill	storm	voice	be cause

"Oh dear, I do not like winter!" said Jamie Hyde. "I wish that summer would come again."

"If you knew all that winter does for summer, you would not say that," replied his mamma.

"Why! what can winter do for summer?" cried Jamie, his eyes very wide open.

"The trees need to have a time for rest just as much as my little boy does.

"Through the long winter they are getting ready for their work.

"They are storing up strength that some day will break out in fresh green leaves.

"Then the seeds are resting too.

"Far away, down in the ground, they are sleeping.

"Perhaps they dream of the time when they shall rise again in leaves and blossoms.

"The snow covers them like a warm blanket."

"But I don't like the wind in winter, mamma; it is so shrill.

"It sounds like a sad voice. It makes me afraid."

"You must not think of it that way.

"Perhaps North Wind is very happy, only his voice sounds drear.

"You know he comes through bare branches, not over beds of flowers, as our friend South Wind does."

"I like to see a snow-storm, mamma.

"If I could only run out in it and play as other boys do, perhaps I might like winter as well as summer."

"You must try and rest, and grow like the flowers, Jamie.

"When you have more strength, you can do as other boys do.

"Summer will come soon, dear.

"Then, when we pick our first roses, let us not forget that we have them because winter gave the vine time for rest."

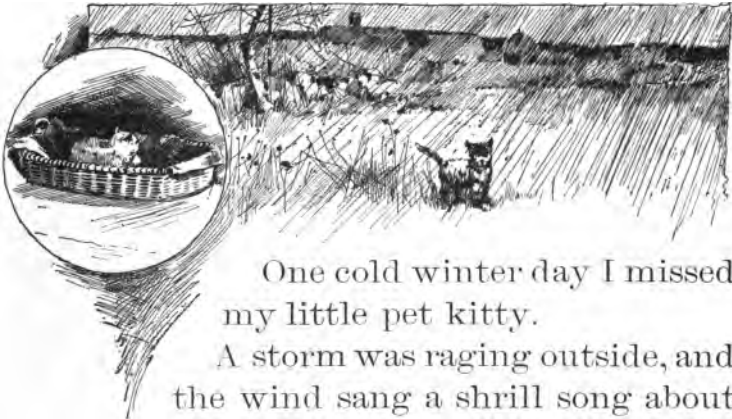
## Lesson VI.

## THE RUNAWAY.

missed  
sleet

bas ket  
warm

rag ing  
purred



the house.

I looked out of doors and saw the sleet falling from the gray sky to the earth.

"Oh, kitty, kitty," I said to myself, "where can you be? It is a sad day to be away from the warm fireside."

I had looked in the house and barn.

I had called her from the door, but no kitty came.

At last I put on my things and ran out into the field.

I went almost across to the field, calling her name, when, what do you think I heard?

It was a very faint "mew!"

There was my dear, white kitty in the wind and rain, as wet as she could be.

Oh, how glad she was to see me! She ran to me, crying as if her little heart would break.

"Oh, kitty, kitty!" I cried, catching her up in my arms. "You poor little thing! Why did you run away? Oh, you silly kitty to run out in such a storm!"

Kitty mewed and purred away under my cape.

I think she was trying to talk to me. Perhaps what she said was this, —

"Well, little mistress, I wanted to see the big world, so I ran out.

"But I have had enough of it. I think I will stay with you after this.

"The world may be a fine place for grown-up cats, but my own basket is the best place for me."

## Lesson VII.

## A WINTER BIRDIE.

win ter	tweet	storm	sleet
shrill	missed	warm	feath er
drear	ce dar	din ner	lis ten

It was a cold day in winter. The trees were leafless, and the sky looked chill and drear.

I felt sad when I thought of all the dead leaves under the snow.

I missed the flowers and the glad sunshine.

Just then I heard a gay "Tweet, tweet!" in the tree outside my window.

A dear little bird was swinging on a branch. He was eating a lunch of cedar berries. When I heard his song I felt glad again. Shall I tell you why?

This is what the winter birdie said to me:—

1.	2.
Tweet, tweet, twee!	Tweet, tweet, twee!
Listen to me!	This cedar tree
'Tis a winter day,	Many a dinner
But my heart is gay.	Gives to me.

3.

In winter storm,  
I still am warm;  
In feather coat,  
I pipe my note.

4.

I love the flowers  
And summer hours;  
Yet in the sleet  
I sing as sweet.

5.

'Tis a winter day,  
But my heart is gay;  
Tweet, tweet, twee!  
Listen to me!



## Lesson VIII.

## IRENE AND THE VIOLETS.

push es	blos som	leaves
dead	kiss es	spring

Little Irene loves flowers, but the sweet, blue violets are best of all to her.

She runs out in the spring and pushes the dead leaves away.

If no green leaves are to be found, she puts her lips to the ground, and says, "Please wake up, dear violets."

When the green leaves do spring up, how glad is Irene! She has to tell every one in the house.

She watches the buds as they open, and kisses them with her sweet lips.

What do the violets think? Perhaps they think she is a big, big sister-flower.

I love the violets that come in the spring. But the violets in Irene's eyes are dearer still. They blossom all the year round.

*Irene has violet eyes.*



### Lesson IX.

Read these questions to yourself, and answer aloud:—

1. How far above the ground does the sky look to you?
2. What was the winter birdie eating for his dinner?
3. How does the wind feel when it is chill?
4. What do you mean by a *dreary* day?



5. What does Irene do to the dead leaves ?

1. The pure sky looks so ——.

2. The cold sleet fell on the ——.

3. One end of the rainbow —— on the hill.

4. The winter wind —— the dead flowers  
with leaves.

5. Irene —— the buds as they open, and  
—— them with her sweet ——.

---

Lesson X.

MY SWEET PEAS.

a mong

wings

dream

par ty

ro sy

earth

pur ple

vines



One day I had a pretty dream.

I was out in the garden looking at my  
sweet-pea vines.

It was very warm, and I sat down on the grass to rest.

Before I knew it, I was fast asleep, and the dream began.

I thought all my sweet peas had little wings, and kept flying about in the sunshine.

They were so pretty! Some were pure white, some pale pink, some rosy as the sunset clouds.

And it seemed as if they were all talking.

"I would like to go to the sick girl at the end of the street," said a lovely white blossom.

"She lies there all day long, with nothing to cheer her."

"We would like to go to Miss Nellie," said some purple and pale pink peas. "She is going to a party to-night. How pretty our blossoms would look against her white dress!"

"I would like to go to some poor man who has to work in dark city streets," said a rosy pea.

"I would like to rest in the vase on

Grandma's table," said a straw-colored blossom.

"Let us all go where we can do some good," said a purple flower.

So they spread their lovely wings and flew away together, white, pink, red, purple, and yellow. Then I awoke and saw my sweet peas on the vines still.

So I knew it was only a dream.

Since then I never keep my peas.

Can you tell what I do with them?

---

### Lesson XI.

#### OLD "WONDER BOY."

a mong	ro sy	wings	earth	heart
peep ing	won ders	fin gers	stud y	hope

We call Hal our "Old Wonder Boy."

Would you like to know why? I will tell you.

He runs out among the flowers in the morning. He sees the dew on some of them, and others shut up as close as can be.

---

He shakes the dew off, and says, "Naughty flowers, when you wash your faces you must wipe them too!"



To the shut flowers, he says, "Open your eyes! why are you so lazy?"

He pokes his little fingers into the earth, and says,—

"Little brooks way down in the ground,  
I can hear you. I wonder if you can hear  
me."

He sees the stars come peeping out in the  
sky.

"I wonder if the stars are silver nails in  
God's floor," he says.

Hal is full of wonder all day long.

He wonders if butterflies are flowers with  
wings. He wonders if the rosy clouds in the  
west at sunset are the gates of fairy-land.

When he is older he will study about the  
great world.

We hope the love and wonder will never  
die out of his heart.

[Pupils learn to repeat.]

For wonder is the fairy gate  
That leads into a fairy land;  
Before its bars the children wait,  
And beat its gold with eager hands.  
"Unlock," they cry, "O gate, for me,  
That we may all thy treasures see."

## Lesson XII.

## THE WATER-FALL.

thun der	roared	stream	lis ten
light ning	pushed	clung	hu man

One day Uncle Rob and Teddy got lost while they were out fishing.

They were in the woods trying to find the way out, when all at once they heard a sound like thunder.

"Oh, Uncle Rob," said the tired little boy, growing very pale, "is it going to storm?"

"No, indeed, my man," said Uncle Rob kindly; "that must be a water-fall.

"If it is the fall I think it is, then we are not far from home."

So they pushed on toward the sound, and very soon stood on the bank of a stream.

The stream came down over great rocks, making a fine fall, then ran on under the pines.

"Yes, this is 'Pecks Falls,'" said Uncle Rob to Teddy; "we are less than a mile from home.

"Sit down, old fellow, and we will rest."

Little Teddy sat down by his uncle on the soft moss.

How beautiful the fall was!

Its waters were clear, pale green, and over the rocks there was one sheet of foam.

And what a deep voice it had!

"It makes me afraid, it is so big!" and Teddy clung to his uncle.

"It makes me think of God."

"But you must not be afraid when you think of God, Teddy. He is your best friend.

"If He *is* a great God, He is also a loving God. He loves little people as well as big people.

"He cares for the little flowers, and each tiny fly that dances in the sunshine.

"But most of all He cares for the human lives He has made.

"We must listen to all His words. The voices of the thunder and of the water-fall tell His Power.

"The lightning tells His Swiftmess; the unshine, His Love."

## Lesson XIII.

## THE STORY OF A RAINDROP.

flee cy	thun der	tum bled	tired
shone	light ning	roared	veil

A little raindrop lay in the soft white arms of a fleecy cloud.

This cloud was sailing over the bright blue sky.

The wind rocked the cloud back and forth.

The raindrop liked this, for it made him feel sleepy.

The sun shone down on the cloud.

The raindrop liked this, for it kept him warm. The little drop was just like a baby. It was covered up nice and warm. It was rocked to sleep just as we rock our baby.

But very soon it grew dark. The thunder roared. It woke the baby drop up. He did not like Grandpa Thunder; he spoke too loud.

Then Grandma Lightning struck the cloud. Down tumbled the baby drop.



"Oh dear, I am falling! Where *am* I going?" it cried.

"Down to the earth with us," cried many tiny voices.

Its brothers and sisters were falling with it. So the raindrop was no longer afraid. It fell to the ground, and—oh dear, sank into it!

"Why, how dark it is!" the drop said. "I am lost! I shall never find my way out."

So the little thing felt very sad.

After a while it began to hear sweet voices. It heard the song that the sap sings as it runs up the roots of the plants. It heard the voices of some of its brothers and sisters.

"I will find them, and then I shall not be so lonely."

So the raindrop went bravely on, until at last it met many of its brothers and sisters.

They joined hands, and went on singing, "To the light, to the light."

At last they did come to the light.

The raindrop found itself in a spring that ran out of the side of a hill. It ran on in a little brook to a great river.

After a long time it found itself in the sea. "I shall be lost," it said.

But, no, the warm sun kissed it, and it found itself rising, rising up to its cloud home again. The cloud put out her soft arms, and took it in again.

"You have been gone a long time," she said; "so rest, my tired child."

And the raindrop was glad to rest again at home.

[Tell the story.]



#### Lesson XIV.

##### WHAT THE RAIN SINGS.

Do you see that fleecy cloud up in the sky?

It looks like wool, or, as my little brother says, "like a flock of sheep."

A cloud just like it was over the sun a while ago. But the sun shone through it very soon.

I think he didn't like to wear a veil.

Oh, see how dark it is getting. Hark! Is that thunder?

How it roared!—but I will not be afraid.

The lightning is so sharp and bright.  
Something fell on my nose then. It was a  
raindrop. Hear the rain tinkle, tinkle on  
the roof of the shed. I hear it sing, “Pretty  
posies, you are so dusty, I must wash you.  
I must sprinkle you, tired, dusty grass.

“I must seek out the violets in the lonely  
dell, and give them a good washing.”

Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,  
In the lonely dell;  
Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle;  
Posies love it well.

Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle;  
“Thanks!” the violet said;  
Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle;  
Lily lifts her head.

Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,  
O'er the dusty plain;  
Tinkle, tinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle;  
Welcome, summer rain.

[Copy this on your slates.]

## Lesson XV.

## THE FLOWER.

strange	sight	lonely	shiver
human	edge	cliff	person
world	needed	ferns	friends

"Dear little flower, are you not lonely in this place where few ever come, and where the tall grass almost hides you from sight?"

"How can I be lonely, child, when I have so much to make me happy?"

"So much to make you happy? Why, little flower, what can you have to make you happy?"

"The gray rocks rise high about you. They are cold and bare; they almost make me shiver. The tall trees cast their shade about you. The sunshine cannot reach you.

"Nobody ever sees you. Why, I may be the only person who ever looked upon your lovely colors."

"Ah, dear child, I do not fear the great rocks. They are like strong, grand friends, who will keep all harm from me.

"It is true that the trees are close about me, and that both trees and grasses hide from my sight the larger world in which you live. But the trees are also friends. They sing me to sleep every night.

"Then, too, every morning a bright sunbeam steals through an opening in the branches, and kisses me.

"The sunbeam always tells me the same kind words, 'Grow lovely, sweet flower. Be beautiful even if no human eye can see you. God sees you, and is glad, because of your beauty.'

"Sometimes a wandering bird stops to rest by me. Then, I hear strange stories of lands far away. One day a man sat down by me, and looked very kindly at all the little grasses and ferns.

"As he saw me, his face grew very bright.

"He picked one of my blossoms, and looked at it through a glass that he held in his hand.

"I heard him say, 'How great God must be to have made this little flower so wonderful, and yet so beautiful!'"

"But the summer will not always stay, dear flower. Soon the leaves will fall from the trees. The soft breezes will go away, and the cold north winds will blow in their place. You will die then, poor flower."

"You mean that I shall lay aside this dress, dear child."

"Deep in my heart I hold many little seeds. These will fall into the earth, and lie there through the long winter. But when the next spring comes, I shall rise again as lovely as before."

"Do you not wish you were a child, little flower? You could go about the world and be of use to so many."

"God made me a flower. I was put here to grow, and to be as lovely as I could. That is my work."

"I like to think that He needed a flower just like me, right here where I am growing."

"Oh, little flower, you are doing God's will better than I am."

"I am not always willing to do my best. But I will try to do better."

"I will try to be kind to my mates. I will mind mother at once when she speaks. I will do my work as well as I can every time. Perhaps God needed a *little girl* to work for Him, just where He has put me."

---

## Lesson XVI.

## BERGIT AND HER GOAT.

strange	dar ling	cliff	sight
smil ing	Ber git	stand ing	naugh ty

It was a fine spring morning, and Bergit ran out to play,

As she came around the house, she heard a little noise.

Looking up on the roof of the house she saw a pretty sight.

The roof was covered with grass and little flowers. Standing there, eating them, was a dear little goat.

"Oh-h-h!" cried Bergit, "what a pretty goat. I wonder where it came from and whose it is."

She ran into the house, crying, "The pretty goat! the darling goat! Whose is it?"

"You had better ask it," said the mother, smiling.

Bergit ran out again.

"Come, dear goat," she said; "come down and play with me."



But the goat only put his head on one side and looked at her.

"I will give you some bread in my dish if you will come," said Bergit. But the naughty goat only tossed his head, and said, "Ya-a-a! ya-a-a!"

"Oh, dear," said Bergit, almost crying, "what *shall* I do? He will not come down."



"If you offer him grass, he may come down," said the mother, who had come up behind Bergit.

Back of the house was a low cliff. The little goat had been feeding there, and had jumped down on the flat roof.

Bergit ran up the cliff, and held out a bunch of grass and buds.

The goat smelled them, and thought he would like a taste.

Bergit drew back step by step, and the goat followed after the buds.

At last he was safely down by the house-door. Then she danced about for joy, and the goat danced too.

Bergit fed and patted him.

"You are my darling goat," she said, "and I will feed you every day. When it is cold, you shall come in by the fire."

So Bergit and her goat were happy together.

#### LANGUAGE LESSON.

Bergit lived in Norway. Norway is near the North Pole, the land of ice and snow.

[Teacher read to the children about "Agoonak" in "The Seven Little Sisters."]

## Lesson XVII.

## THE RABBITS' PARTY.

jol ly  
fid dle

vi o lets  
dan de li on

ro sy  
sil ver

a wake  
glow



Look at the little rabbits in the picture.  
Are they not having a jolly time?

Grandpa Long Ears plays the fiddle, and  
Uncle Short Tail beats the time.

Round and round in a ring they go  
among the violets and dandelions. Little

Nell thinks they are singing, "Ring around a rosy."

The silver moon shines down from the sky. I think the Lady Moon is glad to see the rabbits so happy.

The flowers are all awake.

The glow-worms light up the meadow. The breeze kisses the faint posies, and tells them to refresh themselves, now the hot yellow sunbeams have gone away.

The rabbits sing as they dance,—

Heigh ho, heigh ho!  
Dance and sing,  
Five little rabbits  
All in a ring.

Prick up your ears,  
Turn out your toes;  
Heigh ho, heigh ho!  
So, here goes!

Heigh ho, heigh ho!  
Dance and sing,  
Five little rabbits  
All in a ring.

## Lesson XVIII.

## THE STRANGE VISITOR.

vis i tor	boxed	re plied	lis ten
sink	e nough	grave ly	trou ble
Snip pets	(e nuff)	sad ly	sup pose
Wig gler	Ti ny kins	peo ple	kit tens
wise ly	hand some	mu sic	wink ing

Three little kittens were at play in the garden one morning.

They had had a long race up and down the walk, and were tired.

"I want a drink of water," said Tinykins; "where can I get some?"

"Run into the house, and you will find a pailful in the sink," said her sister Snippets.

"No, I would not do that," said Wiggler, wisely. "I tried that once, and got my ears boxed.

"A pan of water has been set out for the chicks behind the rose-bushes. Let us all go there."

So the three kits ran off to a corner of

the garden where Wiggler had seen the chicks drinking.

Sure enough, there was the pan, and on its edge sat a very strange-looking thing.



The kits forgot to drink, and stood looking at the thing. It had very small eyes that kept winking at them.

"What can it be?" said Tinykins. "Do you suppose it could be a new kind of kitten?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Snippets. "It doesn't look like a bird, or a dog, or a boy."

At last Wiggler said to the visitor, "What are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Oh," said the strange visitor, "I'm a toad, and I live in the garden, under an old flower-pot."

"I spend most of my time catching flies and bugs that would eat the young plants."

"When I get tired I like to look at myself in the water. I am very handsome, as you may see."

"I think you are very ugly-looking," said Snippets.

"How can you know?" replied the toad, gravely.

"You are only a baby kitten a few weeks old."

"I am *very* beautiful, and wise as well."

"Do you know when it is going to rain?"

"No," replied Snippets, very sadly.

"Well, some of my family do, and they sing to tell the world so.

"What would people do, I should like to know, if toads did not tell them when the rain was coming?"

"I like music too. When Mr. Tom plays his flute, I always hop near him to listen."

"Do you like dogs?" said Wiggler.

"I don't care about them; still, they never trouble me. But you kits are all afraid of dogs."

"We are not," said all the kits.

"Oh, yes, you are. If a dog should come here now, you would all run."

"No, we would not. *You* would be the one to run."

Just then who should come down the walk but Rover!

And what do you think? They ran, every one of them.

#### LANGUAGE LESSON.

Tell the story in your own words.

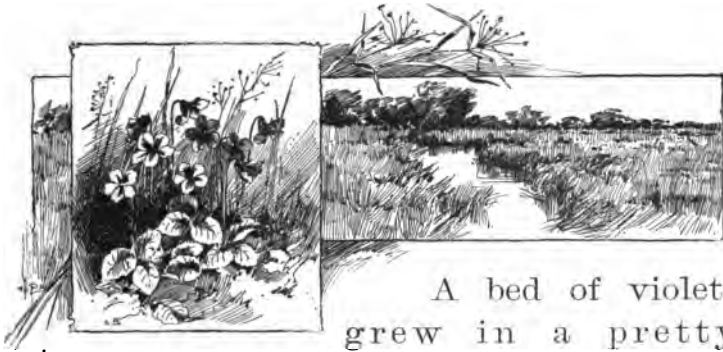
What does it teach?

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## Lesson XIX.

## VIOLETS IN THE RAIN.

mead ow	yel low	faint	bon net
kissed	re fresh	num ber	sun beam
breeze	born	kind ly	tas ted



A bed of violets  
grew in a pretty  
meadow, by the side of a brook.

Some of them were large and well opened ;  
others were just baby buds in their green  
coats and blue bonnets.

The large violets were old and very wise ;  
they had lived in the big world a number of  
days.

The baby buds were only just born.

A little yellow sunbeam slid down from  
his father Sun, and kissed the baby violets.



"That is very nice," said one little bud;  
"but tell me what it is."

"That is a sunbeam," said one of the big violets, kindly. "He is glad to see you, dear baby blossom."

Then a little breeze kissed the buds.

"Why!" they all cried, "some one else has kissed us, but we can't see who it is."

"That is South Wind. When you are tired and faint, he will rest and refresh you."

So the baby buds played with the sunbeam and South Wind, and were happy.

But after a while the sunbeam and the little breeze crept away.

It made the violets very unhappy to see the big world grow so dark and strange.

Perhaps they would have cried if they had known how.

Then the raindrops came pattering down. "Open your mouths, little sisters," cried the big violets; "drink in the sweet rain."

Oh, how happy the baby violets were! The rain tasted *so* good, and made them feel strong. "This is best of all," they said.

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

Where do we find violets?  
In what months do they come?  
What kinds do you know about?  
Which kind do you like best?



## Lesson XX.

## MAY TIME.

Little Ellie sits in her swing under the apple-tree.

The bluebirds fly back and forth among the branches.

They are out house-hunting, and Ellie thinks they have a good deal to say about it.

In the grass at her feet, the first violets and dandelions are peeping.

The little girl likes to look up at the blue sky through the rosy apple blossoms.

She likes to hear the birds sing, and wonders if they are not violets with wings.

The sun shines bright and warm, and all

the little grass blades push up their tiny fingers.

They are glad to get out of their dark earth beds.

Ellie hears the brook sing, as it runs along over its pretty stones.

Down by its banks the dear pussy-willows are nodding.

They are funny little things in their brown hoods and silver-gray coats.

Ellie is glad that spring has come.

"I want to grow, too, like the birds and flowers," she says.

How can Ellie grow?

She can run and eat, play and work; then her body will grow.

She can study hard; then her mind will grow.

She can do kind, loving deeds day by day, and that will make her heart grow.

Could we have a sweeter spring blossom than a good, happy little girl?

*I must let my heart grow.*

## Lesson XXI.

## A BIG GIRL.

[Maud tells Auntie about it at bed-time.]



I am a big girl now. I am seven years old, and can read in the Second Reader.

Last year I was only six, and read from the blackboard and the Primer.

Now I can tell all about the numbers from one to ten, and write the tables too.

I write on paper with a lead pencil, and

have spelling lessons. If you will give me some words, I will put them in stories.

We are having fourteen now in Number. I can tell you what one-half or one-third means, and show you how to write it.

I draw every day, and Fridays we make things out of clay.

Last Friday I made a little muff, and tied it with blue ribbon.

I like to work hard ; it makes me grow.

[Put these words in stories.]

reader	tables	spelling	tied
primer	lead	clay	ribbon



## Lesson XXII.

WHAT THE SOUTH WIND SAID TO ROSE.

ear ly	cheek	per haps
gold en	tossed	hair
sun ny	shook	or ange

One bright day in early spring little Rose ran out into the garden.

"How blue the sky is!" thought Rose.

"It is as blue as our baby's eyes."

So Rose looked up into the soft blue sky and was glad.

The sunshine lay on the garden walk. "I love the golden sunshine; it is like Baby's hair," said the happy child.

Just then a little breeze kissed her cheek. "Oh, you dear breeze, where did you come from?" cried Rose.

"I am South Wind," said a tiny voice. "I come from a land where it is always summer, and no snow is ever found.

"When it is time for me to go North, I say 'good-bye' to the orange groves and sunny waters.

"As I fly along over the brown fields, the little grass blades rise to meet me. I blow my pipe, and call the flowers out of their beds.

"Violet, violet! sweet blue-eyed child of spring, it is time to get up.

"Cowslip, buttercup, dandelion, I am waiting for you.

"I kiss them as they rise from their

brown earth beds. I sing with the first blue-birds. I talk to the brook, and it talks to me.

"I know where the first baby Mayflowers lie hidden.

"Good-bye, sweet Rose, sweeter even than your garden sister."

Rose ran into the house, and told Baby May what the breeze had said.

Baby only shook her head, and tossed her fat hands. Perhaps she, too, knew all about it.

#### LANGUAGE LESSON.

Can you name to me all the spring flowers?

Which flowers are white?

Which are blue?

Which are yellow?

Have you ever found any that are red?

Which grow in low, damp places?

Which grow in the shade?

Which grow on tall stems? which near the ground?

## Lesson XXIII.

## LITTLE VERSES TO LEARN.

dol lars	strength	pur ple	peo ple
col ors	voice	shiv er	mu sic
grown	rag ing	hu man	fair y
shrill	dream	vis i tor	thick ly
rich es	earth	re plied	sleep y

Buttercup lets fall her gold,  
Little hands what riches hold!  
Fairy dollars, free to all,  
By the roadside thickly fall.

Purple and gold are the sunset skies,  
The earth is fair 'neath their wond'rous  
light;  
The frogs pipe shrill from the meadows  
damp,  
The sleepy flowerets sigh, "Good-night."

The lovely colors are fainter grown,  
Through gathering shades the firefly gleams;  
And soft wind-voices among the leaves  
Whisper of rest and of happy dreams.



## Lesson XXIV.

## A BIRD SONG.

leaf y	touch	dawn	bough	breast
glo ry	screen	sor row	harm	af fright



Swing high, swing low,  
Swing to and fro,  
With all the summer winds that blow;  
The leafy bough a screen shall be,  
No harm shall touch the little tree,  
That holds the pretty nest for me.

O pretty nest!  
My mate's soft breast  
Is free from care, is all at rest.  
She has no sorrow, no affright;

Her days are one long, calm delight,  
From morning's dawn until the night.

Swing high, swing low,  
Full well I know,—  
Some voice within me tells me so,—  
The One who made us loves us well;  
Our little hearts with rapture swell,  
As we His love and glory tell.

---

## Lesson XXV.

## A GENERAL REVIEW.

ground	shrill	dan de li ons	hair
a bove	fin gers	bon net	or ange
near	shone	sun beams	screen
rain bow	tum bled	tast ed	af fright
hide	smil ing	lead	ro sy
rest ed	vi o lets	gold en	kiss es
won ders	mea dow	sun ny	spring
flee cy	kissed	bough	a mong
roared	breeze	sor row	peep ing
dar ling	ta bles	din ner	wings

fid dle	ear ly	sleet	heart
a wake	tossed	push es	tired
yel low	leaf y	dead	cliff
re fresh	breast	leaves	jol ly
Prim er	drear	blos soms	glow
rib bon	tweet	stud y	born
cheek	missed	light ning	faint
per haps	ce dar	sight	tied
touch	storm	Ber git	clay
ti ny	warm	sil ver	shook
wa ter ing	earth	num ber	dawn
pure	thun der	kind ly	harm
rest ed	strange	Read er	glo ry
win ter	stand ing	spell ing	

1. The day was chill and —, and the — was — with snow.

2. Bergit's goat feeds on the —, and jumps down on the — of the —.

3. The mother bird knows no — nor —.

4. The dusty — refresh themselves with the — after the hot —.

5. The smiling baby only —— her hands.  
—— she knew all about it.

6. The violets wore blue —— and little  
green ——.

7. One big rabbit plays on a ——, and ——  
beats the ——.

8. The —— bough a —— shall be;  
No —— shall —— the —— tree.

9. I read in the ——; last year I read in  
the —— and from the ——.

10. What a —— —— cloud that is.

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Put the words in stories, two in each story.

2. Arrange the words in columns, the words beginning with *a* in the first, *b* in the second, and so on.

3. Arrange the words of one syllable in one column, those of two syllables in another.

4. Arrange the words in columns.

(1) All the names of things.

(2) Names of actions.

(3) Words describing objects in any way

5. Spell and sound the words.

## Lesson XXVI.

## HOUSE-HUNTING.

spar row	fam i ly	ex press	ho tel
coun try	ma ple	lawn	speckled

One bright day in spring Mr. Sparrow said to Mrs. Sparrow, "My dear, I think it is about time for us to go house-hunting."

So they got on the fast express West Wind, and were soon far out in the country.

First they looked at a large bush on the lawn at Mabel's house.

But Mrs. Sparrow was afraid of cats. "Cats and boys must belong to the same family, I think," she said. "I'm sure they act just alike."

"I like this place because a little girl lives here," said Mr. Sparrow. "There she is now.

"See her blue, blue eyes and yellow curls. I must say I like girls better than boys."

"So do I," said Mrs. Sparrow; "but I *never* can take a house so low down, I am *so* afraid of boys and cats."

"Well," said Mr. Sparrow, "we will hunt on."

So they hunted and hunted, but something was the matter with every place they found.

"Dear me!" said poor Mrs. Sparrow; "I hope we sha'n't have to go to a hotel. They have one on top of the barn, and it's no place to bring up a family."

"Come here! come here, wife! I have found just the place," cried Mr. Sparrow. And sure enough, in the maple-tree by Mabel's window was a little bird-box for just one family.

How happy the birds were!

The next morning they began to bring hay, straw, and wool.

Soon a nice pretty nest was made, and before long, four speckled eggs lay in it.

[Copy and learn.]

I'm *stands for* I am.

sha'n't    "    "    shall not.

it's    "    "    it is.

## Lesson XXVII.

## HOW MABEL HELPED.

be side	thought	seized	built
build	wove	watched	scis sors
scold	forth	lin ing	lose



Some one else beside Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow was glad to have the nest built in the box in the apple-tree.

Little Mabel watched the busy birds as they went back and forth with bits of straw and wool. One day as she stood by the window, she thought to herself, "I wish I could help the sparrows build the nest."

No one else was in the room at the time.

Mabel took the scissors and cut off a tiny golden curl from her own head.

Then she put it on the window-sill, and ran behind the big chair where she could watch.

Mr. Sparrow saw the curl.

He hopped down on the window-sill and looked at it.

"What a fine lining that would make for our nest," he thought. "I must have it."

So he seized the little curl in his bill and flew to the nest.

"See what I have, wife," he said.

"That dear child Mabel has given us one of her curls to line our nest."

Of course Mrs. Sparrow was glad, and together they wove it in.

Mabel ran to mamma, and told her all about it.

"Well, my dear, I won't scold *this* time," said mamma; "but don't cut off any more. I can't have *my* birdie lose **all** her golden coat."

[Make stories with these words.]

Mabel	soft	sparrow	wove	nest
glad	curl	birdie	flew	coat



## Lesson XXVIII.

## THE CLAY LESSON.

*Papa.* Mollie, what did you do in school this afternoon?

*Mollie.* We had a lesson with the clay after recess.

*Papa.* Can you tell me about it? I should like very much to hear.

*Mollie.* I will try. We made a sphere first—we always do that. Miss Snow says it is the simplest form God has made.

*Papa.* Do you know what simplest means?

*Mollie.* I think it means easiest. Then she told us that all liquids, like water, milk, and oil, take the form of a sphere when they can.

*Papa.* Did you ever notice what form dew takes?

*Mollie.* Yes, papa; she asked us about that; dew-drops are also little spheres. After we made our spheres, we cut them in two with a piece of fine wire.

*Papa.* What do we call the pieces, Mollie?

*Mollie.* They are hemispheres. "Hemi"

means half. I made a little cup out of one of my half-spheres. I put a handle on it, but it dropped off. Miss Snow said I ought not to piece on the handle, but work it out from the lump.

*Papa.* What can you tell me about the sphere?

*Mollie.* The sphere is round every way, can roll every way, and stand still.



### Lesson XXIX.

[Answer these Questions.]

1. What do you mean by an express train?
2. What is an express team?
3. What kinds of bird's eggs are speckled?
4. What does the bird use for her nest lining?
5. Tell me about a sphere.
6. Name all the things you know that are shaped like a sphere.
7. What shall we keep matches in? Why?
8. What do the tree-toads tell us?
9. What part of the plant dies?

10. Tell me about the part that lives and how it is cared for.

[Use a story using these words.]

Mary	fashed	will shine	thunder
storm	flowers	was afraid	shrill
be glad	lightning	sun	rain.

---

### Lesson XXX.

#### BRIGHT EYES.

##### I.

"I wonder how many of you little people have bright eyes.

"I can see blue eyes, black eyes, gray eyes, and brown.

"Some look very happy, as if the owners were always having a jolly good time.

"Others look as if some thinking was going on.

"I am sorry to say that I have seen tears in some, and very cross, ugly looks in others.

"But I wonder how many of you really see what is going on about you."

---

"Why, Auntie, of course we do; we are not asleep," said Harry, laughing.

"Well, my boy, if that is so, tell me all about a buttercup plant."

"It has yellow flowers," says Harry.

"Is that all you can tell? What kind of a root does it have? What is the shape of its leaves? How are they placed on the stem? How many petals does the flower have?"

"Can't tell? Ah, I was afraid those dear brown eyes were not bright enough.

"Well, my boy, older people than you fail to see the commonest things about them.

"It is because we do not look carefully at objects so that we may see how they are made.

"If you want to have very bright eyes, you must use them to find out things with.

"To-morrow I shall ask every one of you to tell me what you saw going home from school."

## II.

"Well, Harry, what did you see?"

"I saw a funny cloud in the sky. It looked like a pine-tree."

"Did you see anything, Anna?"

"I saw a man getting a kind of plant that grows in the brook.

"We stopped and asked him what it was. He said it was called water-cress. People use it for salads as they do lettuce.

"While we were at the brook I noticed something green on the stones under the water. Herbert Blake was with us, and he said his brother told him that that green slime was really a plant."

"Did my little Ethel see nothing?"

"I picked a buttercup, and little hairs were all over the stem."

"I am glad you all saw something new.

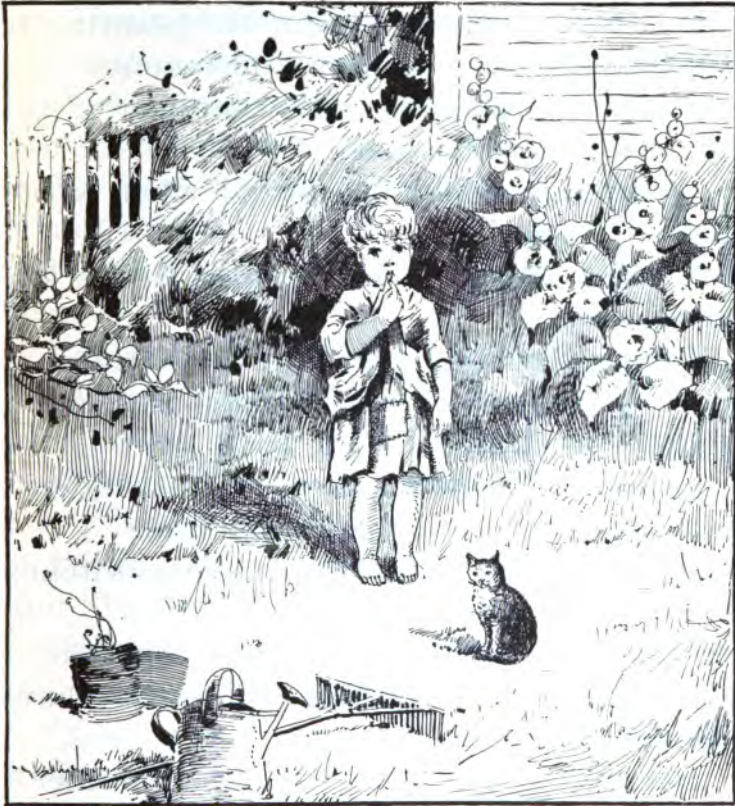
"Now, to-morrow I want you to see how many shapes of leaves you can bring me."



### Lesson XXXI.

TOMMY.

One day as I sat by my open window, sewing, I saw outside a very funny, fat little boy.



Close by was a tiny black cat with great round yellow eyes.

He looked at me without speaking, and I said, "Who are you, my child, and what do you want?"

He took his finger out of his mouth, and

said, "Name Tommy; want 'at," pointing to a rose-bush full of large red blossoms.

I took my scissors, and went out of the house to where he stood.

"That is a nice little kitty; what is her name?" I inquired.

"Name Mary Ann Haskins," was the solemn reply.

I cut off several roses and gave them to Tommy, who said, "Fanks," then trotted off, Mary Ann Haskins at his heels.

After that I saw Tommy nearly every day, and Mary Ann was always with him.

One morning he walked into the kitchen as I was making cookies.

"Want cookie," was his first remark. I gave him one; then Mary Ann had to have one also.

His next words were, "Want a hammer."

"Why do you want a hammer, Tommy?"

"Want to pound," he replied.

I gave him a hammer, and he pounded nails into an old box for some time, as happy as could be.

One day he asked for matches.

"Want bonfire," he explained.

I was sorry to say no. The light faded from his eager blue eyes, and he trotted home without a word.

My little friend did not come again for some time.

I began to be afraid I had hurt his feelings.

But one morning as I was washing dishes, a little voice from the open door said, "Want lump sugar!"

There was Tommy, and Mary Ann not far behind

I took down the sugar bowl from the shelf and filled his fat hands.

How he smiled!—blue eyes, rosy cheeks, red lips,—one smile of joy.

"Good-bye," he said, as he trotted off; "me love you."

I never saw the Tommy boy after that.

His family moved away, and I lost my little friend.

I often think of him and wonder if he has found some one else to give him sugar.

I think of little Mary Ann Haskins too.



She must be by this time a big cat with kittens of her own.

My Tommy must also be changed from the dear little beggar I knew and loved, to a big boy.

I shall always think of him as a white-headed baby of three, with one finger in his mouth, and a funny little cat trotting on behind.



### Lesson XXXII.

#### A MARCH FROLIC.

swell ing                  splash ing                  frolic

##### 1. WHAT THE BOYS SAID.

What a storm! Hear the rain come down on the shed roof.

See it dashing and splashing on the sidewalks.

The gutters are full and running over.

Let us put on our rubber coats and go out of doors. We will take no umbrellas, as the mad March wind would turn them inside out at once.

Let us wade in the gutters first.  
How swiftly the water is running.  
It rushes down the hill, and is swelling  
the river very fast.

Here is such a fine mud puddle. Splash,  
splash, splash!

Dear me, how the mud did fly up! Look



at your coat, Charlie. It  
is about as wet as mine. Well,  
who cares? What were rubber coats made  
for if not to get wet?

## 2. WHAT THE WIND SAID.

Dear me, I'm in such a hurry!  
Why am I always in a hurry?  
Don't know, I'm sure, unless because I  
was born so.

Now my brother South Wind is just like

a girl. He has such a soft, sweet voice. He kisses people, and says all kinds of sweet nothings to them.

I never kiss people; I just nip their noses, and bite their cheeks, and blow their hair into their eyes.

I like to turn umbrellas inside out.

I like to bang blinds against the house and scream down the chimneys.

I like to nip the foolish buds that dare swell from their coverings.

They might know better than to come out so soon.

I don't have much time for my fun, so I make the most of it.

I must go now and find a few more umbrellas. Good-bye.



## Lesson XXXIII.

## THE BABY'S WALK.

frol ic	poke	wrapped	hu man
splash ing	lark	bon ny	mead ow
love li est	close ly	fin gers	buzzed



One bright day in June a strange flower blossomed in our meadow.

Down among the buttercups I saw a little yellow head. Could it be a new kind of buttercup or dandelion?

All about it grew the tall grasses.

The little flowers bowed a welcome to this sweet new flower.

Oh, sweet baby boy, you were the loveliest flower of all.

Your eyes were like bonny bluebells. Your fat cheeks were as pink as any wild rose. Your curls were as bright as the buttercup-gold falling by the wayside.

The baby had never been so far alone before.

Everything seemed very new and wonderful to him.

He picked a handful of buttercup buds.

The little blossoms were closely wrapped in their green coats. Baby tried to poke them open with his fat fingers.

He heard a splashing in the brook. A brown birdie was taking a bath. How he did frolic about! A lark sang overhead.

Baby looked at him and watched his flight. Perhaps he wished that he had wings too.

The bees buzzed about in the clover. The tall grass nodded in the breezes.

I wonder if Baby seemed as sweet and strange to flowers, birds, and bees, as they did to him. What could be sweeter than this dainty, little human blossom?



## Lesson XXXIV.

## MOTHER SPRING'S BABIES.

swell ing	di rect	close ly	frol ic
flan nel	wrapped	climbed	cramps
blank ets	ar rive	splash ing	lul la by



It was very, very early in the spring. The sap had begun to run in the trees, and the buds were swelling out.

I thought I would like to take a walk in the meadow, and see what my friend, the brook, was about.

He had been very quiet all winter.

He had been tucked away under his snow and ice blankets, like some sleepy baby.

I felt sorry for the poor fellow.

Of course he liked better to frolic and play under the sunshine.

As I climbed the stone wall, "Chirp, chirp!" came from overhead.

A bluebird was swinging on the leafless bough of an old apple-tree.

"Why, Mr. Bluebird, I am *so* glad to see you! When did you arrive in town?"

"Came this morning direct from the South," replied Bluebird.

"It's a little chilly yet. Are you not afraid of getting a cold and losing your voice?"

"Oh, I guess not. I shall stir about and keep warm. Wife wanted me to wear a strip of red flannel about my neck. I thought it all nonsense."

"Take care of yourself, dear Mr. Bluebird; we would miss your glad song."

"I will try to." And the bluebird flew away, singing, oh, so sweetly!

I heard the brook singing as I walked over the brown grass.

"Well, dear brook, are you glad the spring has come?"

"Glad? I think I am. I'm ever so glad to be rid of that blanket King Winter tucks about me. I was in it so long that I almost had the cramp.

"Now I'll make things lively!" And the brook rushed on, singing and splashing with all his might.

Down by the edge of the brook I found such a funny thing.

On a bush were rows of little brown cradles. In these cradles were Mother Spring's babies.

They were so closely wrapped in their fuzzy gray blankets I could not see their faces.

There they hung and swung in the sunshine.

The brook below was singing them a lullaby.

Funny little babies in their gray blankets!  
Can you tell me what they are?



## WHAT THE BROOK SANG TO THEM.

Bylow, bylow baby,  
In your cradle brown;  
Little breeze shall swing you;  
Do not tumble down!

Funny little babies,  
Wrapped in soft gray fur,  
You are tucked so tightly  
That you cannot stir.

Soft and gray the blanket  
Tucked about your toes,  
All around your little form,  
Up about your nose.

Bylow, bylow baby,  
In your cradle brown;  
Little breeze shall swing you;  
Do not tumble down.

## Lesson XXXV.

## HAROLD'S JOURNEY.

jour ney	cañ ons	ei ther	Col o ra do
chan nel	cab in	moun tains	hun dreds
mount ed	tres tle	snake	In di an

Harold is a little boy only .eight years old.

Last summer he made a journey with his papa through a part of Colorado.

Do you know where Colorado is?

Ask your big sister to show you the State on the map.

It is a very wonderful State, with its high mountains, great rivers, and deep cañons.

Perhaps you do not know what a cañon is. I will tell you.

The rivers of Colorado are very deep and swift flowing. They cut into the rock and make channels for themselves.

These channels get deeper and deeper.

After hundreds and thousands of years have passed, the river flows far below its old bed.

The walls rise up very high on either side. They are so high that a man standing on top would seem like an ant to any one below.

Harold's papa was going to ride horseback for some miles through the Grand Cañon. Harold was to ride, too, on a little pony.

They were going to stop at night at a cabin where a miner lived.

Harold felt very grand when he was mounted on his white pony.

All day long they rode by the rushing river. The high walls rose about them, of all colors, red, gray, brown, yellow, dark blue.

Harold thought he had never seen anything so pretty.

Once, when they stopped to rest, they saw the train creeping along the trestle-work.

It looked like a great snake climbing the side of the cañon.

Harold picked many flowers, the most beautiful he had ever seen.

At night they reached the miner's cabin. He was no longer a miner, but had some post on the railroad.

Harold was very hungry, and the fried fish and blackberries tasted very good.

He slept in a little bunk stuffed with sweet-fern, with an Indian blanket over him.

The next day they took the train, and soon the journey was over.



### Lesson XXXVI.

#### THE STORK'S RETURN.

stork	grace ful	eld ers	feath er y
nur se ry	pyr a mids	per fume	ex cel
cas tle	ru ined	rail ing	tombs
Swe den	in quired	E gypt	de pends
curled	bal co ny	si lent	ea ger ly
beau ti ful	lin dens	palm	

It was a rainy day. Little Else looked from the windows of the nursery and wished it might be fair again.

Else's home was in an old castle in Sweden, far away in the Northlands.

She had grown very tired of the long, cold winter.

"Oh, nurse," she would say, "how glad I shall be to see the stork again! When *he* comes, blue skies, flowers, and bees will come with him."

The snow had gone, and the grass blades were peeping up all around. Still the dear stork was far away.

Else grew very tired of play.

She curled herself up on the rug before the fire and went to sleep. She had a most beautiful dream. She thought she went out on the balcony that led from the nursery.

The lindens and white elder flowers were all in blossom. The air was heavy with their sweet perfume.

On the iron railing was the stork, while her mate flew round about the tower overhead.

"Oh, dear stork," cried Else, kissing her; "darling stork, how glad I am to see you. Now that you are here, the spring has come also. What have you been doing?"

"I am just as glad to see you, Else," re-

plied Madam Stork. "After all, there is no place like our dear Northland. We have been in Egypt, that strange country. We have seen its great sandy plains, its silent, broad, flowing river.

"We have seen the palm-trees with their graceful feathery leaves.

"We have looked upon the pyramids, those wonderful tombs of kings.

"It was a grand place for thinking. Thinking, you know, dear Else, is the habit storks excel in. We are really most wise.

"But we are glad to be at home once more. Our nest shall be as dear to us, even dearer, than the ruined tombs of Egypt."

"Have you brought me any thing this year?" inquired Else.

"That depends!" replied the stork, gravely, as she stood on one leg.

Just then Else opened her eyes.

A broad sunbeam lay over the floor.

The little girl jumped up and clapped her hands for very joy.

She ran out on the balcony, and there perched the snow-white stork.

"Oh, nurse, nurse! my dream has come true; the stork has really come!"



Nurse smiled and drew her back into the nursery again.

There stood an old woman with a bundle in her arms.

She unfolded it and showed Else the

funny little red face and fat hands. A dear baby brother had come to Else.

Else shouted for joy.

"I know who brought him! The stork did! The stork did!"

She ran out to the balcony again.

"Dear stork, did you not bring my brother to me?" she asked, very eagerly.

But the stork only looked very wise, and did not answer.

She was not going to tell her secrets.



### Lesson XXXVII.

#### THE PICNIC IN THE NOTCH.

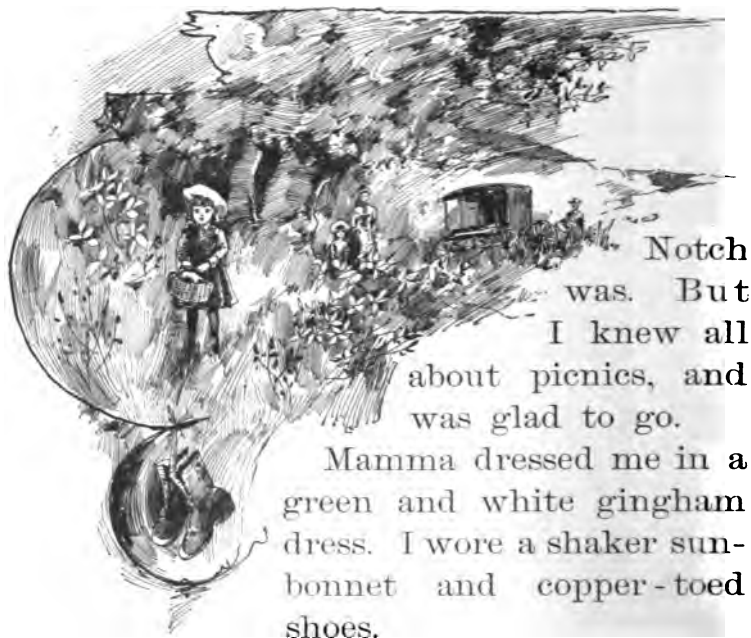
notch	sown	ging ham	whisked
rye	vis it	sand wich es	bush y
lev el	pic nic	cop per-toed	hol low
val ley	shak er	dis ap pear	no tice

When I was a little girl, I once made a visit to a dear auntie who lived among the Green Mountains.



One day she said to me, "Flossy, we are going to have a picnic at the Notch."

Now I did not have much idea what the



Notch was. But

I knew all about picnics, and was glad to go.

Mamma dressed me in a green and white gingham dress. I wore a shaker sun-bonnet and copper-toed shoes.

If you don't know what a shaker bonnet is, ask mamma.

Those copper-toed boots were the delight of my heart. I thought the toe-tips were gold.

When they lifted me up into the wagon, I k my feet out as far as I could.

I wanted everybody to see them.

There were ten of us in that one wagon.

We soon left the valley behind us, and began to climb a mountain.

The road was lovely. It wound in and out among the trees.

I saw little squirrels running about. They hopped from branch to branch and whisked their bushy tails.

After riding two hours we came to the Notch.

I have been there since, and can tell you what it is.

It is a hollow between the peaks of two of the lower mountains.

The land is good, and there are quite a number of farms there.

The view is fine. Far down below lay the valley and the blue river winding about.

The level lands had been sown, some with corn, some with yellow rye, some with oats.

The far-away mountains seemed very grand.

We unpacked our baskets, and camped out under some large trees.

Some of the ladies went off to pick berries, and some to call at the nearest farmhouse. After a while a little girl came from the farm-house to play with me.

Her name was Jane Mari'.

Jane Mari' and I stood looking at each other for a moment.

At last I stuck out one foot, and said, "I have some copper-toed shoes."

Poor Jane Mari' looked down on her own little bare brown toes.

"Run along and play, children," said Auntie.

They had put up a swing for us, and we took turns in swinging each other.

Then we hunted for berries, built bark-houses, and sailed boats in the brook.

At dinner time Jane Mari' and I sat side by side. How we did eat!

• How the sandwiches, cakes, pies, eggs, and berries did disappear.

After dinner we played more, and were sorry when the time came to say good-bye.

Jane Mari' and I had a talk behind a big tree. Then she ran home.

I climbed up into the wagon without help.

Every one was so busy that little notice was taken of me.

The ride home made me sleepy.

When Uncle lifted me out of the wagon, he said, "Why! where are this child's shoes?"

I had given them to Jane Mari'!

Yes, I loved little barefooted Jane Mari' so much, that I gave her my dear copper-toed shoes.

How every one laughed!

Jane Mari's mother brought the shoes back. My mother made her keep them.

Dear mother! she was glad to have me ready to give.

I see now, as I did not then, that I should have asked her first.



## Lesson XXXVIII.

## BESSIE'S RAINY DAY LESSON.

flood ing	grad ed	ob ject	pass age
gut ter	sown	lev el	cañ on
trot ted	val ley	notch	( <i>kan yon</i> )
soak ing	ei ther	hap pen	mold ing
Col o ra do			

[Notice how mountain peaks are made in this lesson.]

It was a rainy day. Down came the drops thick and fast. The gutters were flooded, and little lakes filled the hollows.

Bessie Bryant did not mind the rain. She trotted along to school in waterproof and rubber boots.

The children were very busy all the morning.

At half-past eleven they put away their work, and sang "The Rain Song."

Then the teacher began to talk with them.

"Bessie, Ernest, Mabel, you may go to the window and look out.

"Then you may come back and tell me what the rain is doing."

The children ran to the window as they were told.

At the tap of the bell they came back again.

"The rain is falling on the ground and soaking into it," said Mabel.

"It is running down the bank in quite a stream," said Bessie.

"It is carrying off some dirt with it," cried Ernest.

"What will it do with the dirt?"

Daisy March raised her hand.

"It will carry it along just as far as it can. Then it will drop it all along the way."

"How will the bank look after the shower is over?"

"It will be partly washed away," said Walter. "The people who take care of the roads will have to fill it in again."

"It's too bad, isn't it, Miss May? The bank has just been graded, and grass seed sown on it."

"Yes, it seems so, Walter: but that is just what water is all the time doing.

"It tears down one place to fill in another. It wears down the hills to fill up the valleys. Now notice what I do."

Miss May went to the molding-table, and built something with the sand. "What is this, Mollie?" she inquired.

"I think it is a mountain," said Mollie, looking carefully; "but it is a very funny one. It is long, and the top is almost level."

Miss May took the water cup in her hand. Lifting it up high, she poured the water down on the top of the sand mountain.

"What is the water doing, children?"

"Why," cried Bessie; "it is wearing the sand away, and making a little notch in the mountain top."

"Suppose water does this for years and years, what will happen?"

"I should think it might cut down very deep and make two mountains," said Bertie

h,

o it will," replied Miss May, making  
otch quite deep with her finger.

"Now we'll have a stream start here, and here, and here, doing the same things."

"Why, Miss May," cried Walter; "you've made a mountain range!"

"Yes," said Daisy; "I can count four peaks." "Does the water really make peaks, and change the mountain into a range?" asked Bertie, eagerly.

"Yes, my boy; many mountain ranges are made that way. Perhaps our own Blue Hills were."

"Well, I never knew that before," said Charlie Swan.

"Sometimes rivers cut through solid rock, and wear their paths deeper and deeper.

"After long ages have passed, the river that once was on top of the rock is far below in the passage it has cut for itself.

"The great rocks rise on either side thousands of feet."

"I know what these passages are called. They are cañons," said Harold Ware.

"I was in one last summer when we were West."

Miss May then showed them some pictures



## CHAPTER 10 THE RIVER

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

## CHAPTER 11

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

"The river is the life of the River."

7. Which girl do you think is talking?

8. What do you think she is talking about?



9. Tell me how one girl is standing.

10. Where do you think they both are?

[Write a story about these girls.]

## Lesson XL.

## A REVIEW LESSON.

I found a speckled sparrow's egg on our lawn.

We will go out into the country on the fast express.

The children have built a house under the maple-tree. They are playing hotel.

I watched the birds build their nest, and thought it was very pretty.

The birds came forth from the shell.

The robin seized the wool, and wove it in as a lining.

I thought you would lose those scissors. Oh, mother, I am sorry; do not scold me.

A sphere is the simplest form. Hemisphere means half a sphere.

A liquid is anything that can flow, like water, oil, milk.

Tommy is here; put the sugar-bowl on the shelf, hide the scissors, lock up the matches.

You will find the cookies in the closet.

Do not pound the wall with that hammer.

The brook was closely wrapped in ice blankets.

Papa has arrived ; now for a frolic.

I have the cramp in my foot.

The tears were swelling in Daisy's eyes, and went splashing down on her hands.

Put this flannel about your throat, and I will sing you a lullaby.

Bessie trotted to school through the soaking rain.

See how the water is flooding the gutters.

They have graded the bank, and sown grass seed upon it.

Come to the molding-board, and I will make some mountains and a valley. Level means flat.

An object is anything we can see, handle, or think about.

A cañon is a deep passage cut in the solid rock by a river in its course.

The Colorado River runs through a very large cañon.

## Lesson XLI.

## A CONCERT.

con cert	sud den	Nath a lie	howled
pres ent	pi an o	stead i ly	tal ent

Fido is a pretty little black and white dog. He belongs to Nathalie, and the two are as merry as crickets all day long.

Dear Grandpapa sent Nathalie a beautiful birthday present; it was a piano.

After the piano came and was put in place, mamma sat down to it and began to play.

All of a sudden a loud howl was heard. Mamma jumped up.

"Run and see where Fido is, darling," she said. "Why, mamma," answered little Nathalie; "he's right here by the fire." Mamma sat down again and went on playing. Fido howled steadily with her.

"What can be the matter with him; is he sick?" she said, looking very anxious.

"I guess he's singing," said Nathalie.

And so it was. Poor Fido liked the music

as well as any one, and in his dog-way tried to join in with it. It was funny music, and amused everybody who came into the house.



Fido seemed very proud of his talent, and was ready to sing whenever the piano was opened.

At last he had to be shut up whenever

company came, and music was the order of the day.

Poor Fido! it almost broke his heart. But kind little Nathalie tried to comfort him.

They often had concerts together. I cannot tell you which was funnier, Nathalie's playing or Fido's singing.

[Can you tell any queer dog stories?]

---

Lesson XLII.

THE LADY MOON.

at tend ed      steer      con stant      guard ing

The Lady Moon is sailing,  
High up in heaven she rides;  
I see her shining silver car,  
Attended by full many a star,  
Keeping the tides.

Oh, Lady Moon, so shining,  
Your face is sweet and mild;  
I long to sail, dear moon, with thee  
Afloat upon that silver sea,  
A happy child.

Oh, Lady Moon, still sailing,  
A constant watch you keep;  
From east to west you steer your car;  
I feel your smile, dear moon, afar,  
Guarding my sleep.

—••—

## Lesson XLIII.

## MOSES AND BETSEY.

voy age	firm ly	ten der	be lieve
heart ed	care ful	fol low	di rec tions

I want to tell you the story of Phil Rice's two cats, Moses and Betsey.

Old Tabby had four kittens, and Phil never knew a thing about it.

"I can't have any more cats in the house," said Mamma Rice. "Three of the kits must be sent on a sea-voyage. When the little white one is old enough, she is to be given to Aunt Laura."

But tender-hearted Papa Rice would not send the kittens on a sea-voyage.

"You must find some one else to do it," he said, firmly.



So Pat, the hired man, was told what to do.

But I don't believe he was careful to follow Mamma Rice's directions.



If he had been, what I am about to tell you would not have happened.

Phil Rice was taking a walk in the meadow by the brookside.

He saw something moving under the pussy-willow trees.

Now Phil was an odd child. He really thought that pussy-willows turned into real, live kittens. He ran and picked up the "something," looked it carefully over, and started for the house.

Mamma Rice, Grandma, and Helen sat at their sewing.

"I am *so* glad those kittens are out of the way," said Mamma. "Phil never even knew about them."

Just then Phil walked in, a little, wet, crying kitten under his arm.

"There, Mamma, I told you the pussy-willows turned into cats," he said.

"I found this dear pussy under the willow-trees by the brook. I'm going to bring her up."

"Oh, dear," cried mamma, with such a funny face that every one laughed.

"See how happy that child is," said Cousin Helen. "You'll have to keep the kitten, Aunt Alice. I advise you to call it 'Moses.' That means 'drawn out of the water.'"

And kitty Moses did stay, and before night Phil had found the white kitten also.

Never was there a happier boy than Phil with his Moses and Betsey. They grew to be such handsome little cats, and so smart.

Phil taught them to sit up, beg, jump through a hoop, and a number of other tricks.

Betsey was very dainty; white as milk, with yellow eyes.

Moses was a tiger cat, striped black and yellow, with large green eyes.

One day Phil put on their best neckties, and took them to the picture man.

I am sorry to say that Moses was a very bad cat.

He bit Betsey's tail just as the man was taking the picture.

Of course poor Betsey jumped.

In that picture the cat had two heads, two tails, and eight legs.

But after a while a very good picture was taken, and here it is.

What do you think of it?

Phil says he is going to take his cats to the next "Cat Show."

[Tell me the funny cat stories you have heard.]

## Lesson XLIV.

## OUT-OF-DOOR PLAYS.

## REVIEW.

Just as soon as the snow is off the ground, Bertha, Hattie, and I get ready for our out-door plays.

We have a house under the maple-trees; we call it Hotel Webster. Webster is our last name.

One day we took Baby Jim out with us.

He seized a hammer and broke every one of our dishes before we knew what he was doing.

Then he trotted off after the cat.

Betsey is always ready for a frolic, but when Jim starts for her, she runs away.

This time she ran up a tree, and sat there looking down so anxiously, we all had to laugh.

One day we played that we were camping out among the mountains.

We made believe put on flannel dresses, and went marching about the field.

Then we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and went to sleep on the ground.

"Dear me!" said Hattie, when we awoke. "I think camping out in cañons is very disagreeable.

"Your clothes get full of moisture. I do believe I have a cramp in my foot."

One day Nathalie came to see us.

We played steadily all day.

At first we took a voyage around the world in papa's old hay wagon.

Carlo had been tied in the barn because he had chased the hens.

He heard us splashing about in the brook. Poor thing! he howled so loud that papa untied him. He kept by us all the afternoon, as eager as any one to join the play.

We made believe that we were birds and gave a concert up in the cherry-tree. Of course Carlo sang too. It is such fun to be out of doors.

#### THE MOLDING LESSON.

*Anna.* Now, children, you may each take a piece of clay, and make a sphere. Be care-

ful to handle the clay well. Don't roll it too long.

*Bessie.* I have made my sphere, and now I want to make something else.

*Anna.* Well, you may. Each pupil may make what he likes with the rest of his clay.

*Bessie.* Of what does this remind you?

*Anna.* It looks like a bird, only it has no legs.

*Clara.* I shall make a muff and give it to mamma for a present.

*Lillian.* Is my dog made well? Papa thinks I have quite a talent for molding.

*Anna.* I think so too; I have often watched you work in school.

*Daisy.* Did you see the last mat I wove? I lined it with red paper.

*Essie.* Yes, I saw it, and the red lining was very pretty. I mean to line my next mat.

*Lina.* What is the reason my clay cracks so?

*Anna.* You have rolled it too long.

*Lina.* Yes; that is a bad habit of mine. Oh, how uncomfortable my hands feel.

*Anna.* Let us all wash our hands in the brook, and put our clay-work on the bench to dry.

*Clara.* I'm off for the brook! Who'll follow?

*Lina.* I hope mamma won't scold because I lost her scissors.

*Bessie.* It's time to go in now. Let's tell her, the first thing.

#### ON THE BRIDGE.

A sudden storm has come up.

See how the brooks are swelling, and flooding the valley.

Let us stand on the bridge and watch the water. It is tearing down the bank papa has just graded.

Soon the water will be on a level with the bridge.

See the different things going down stream.

"Will the bridge give way, Uncle Henry?"

"That depends, Walter, upon how solid it is. It bends under our weight. I fear it is not firmly built."

The water is running into the river from all directions.

Oh, dear, Cousin Chester starts from New York to-night.

He will have a rough passage.

Papa won't like to have his fertile meadow covered with sand and rocks. He has just sown grass seed on that bank, and now the bank is going.

I thought I felt the bridge sway a good deal; we must get off.



### Lesson XLV.

#### BRIGHT EYES.

#### III.

*Aunt Katharine.* Here you are again, little people; and what a lot of leaves you have!

What were we to talk about, Agnes?

*Agnes.* The shapes of leaves, you told us, Aunt Katharine.

*Aunt K.* Look at your leaves, and tell me how they differ.



*Harry.* This maple leaf is very large, but the barberry leaf is small.

*Aunt K.* What is the first point in which leaves differ, Mildred?

*Mildred.* They differ in *size*.

*Walter.* This cherry leaf is long and narrow; this grape leaf is very wide.

*Owen.* This violet leaf is like a heart, and this leaf is like an arrow head.

*Aunt K.* Perhaps Bertha can tell us another point where leaves differ.

*Bertha.* They differ in *shape* as well as *size*.

*Ethel.* The lilac leaf has a smooth edge, but this catnip leaf is all notched.

*Aunt K.* Ethel has told us another point about leaves.

*Harry.* Their edges are different.

*Aunt K.* Look at all your leaves. What do you see running through each?

*Agnes.* On the back of this maple is something like a stem. It runs to the very top. Out of it other stems run to the sides of the leaf.

*Aunt K.* What you call stems are the

veins of the leaf. Are your leaves all veined alike?

*Mildred.* In this lily leaf the veins run up and down, side by side.

*Ethel.* In this chestnut leaf there is one very strong middle vein. Little veins run out at the sides. Why, it looks like a feather!

*Owen.* Isn't the fourth difference *in veining*, Aunt Katharine?

*Aunt K.* Yes; that is what I want. Tell the differences we have found so far, Bertha.

*Bertha.* Leaves differ in *size, shape, edges, and veining*.

*Aunt K.* There are still other differences. See if you can find them out by yourselves. Bring leaves again to-morrow, and we will learn still more.



## Lesson XLVI

## PAULINE'S LETTER.

doc tor	let ter	pa per	on ly
Pau line	daugh ter	fin ished	writ ten
Mil dred	dim ples	for got ten	slow ly

Little Pauline was only five years old.  
"Too young to go to school," said papa.

How bad the child felt!

"Elinor goes to school," she would sob;  
"*she's only half-past five.*"

"Wait till you are six, little daughter;  
then you shall go," papa would say, kissing  
her.

So Pauline would try to be content.

But the time did pass so very slowly!

One day she took a sheet of paper, and  
wrote on it a letter to Grandma. After she  
finished she carried it to Nurse Annie.

"Please read my letter," she said.

"But I can't read it, my pet."

"Isn't it written right?" asked Pauline,  
looking almost ready to cry.

"If you'll tell me what to write, I will write to dear Grandma for you. She will be able to tell what you say."



So Pauline ran for more paper, and this was what she said to Grandma.

Milton, Mass.

April 7th, 1887.

My darling Grandma:—

I write you this letter because I love you. Annie is writing it for me. She thinks you can tell her writing best.

I do not go to school. I shall go when I catch up with Mildred.

She is half-past five. I'm five.

Mildred is my minister's little girl.

Dear Grandma, I only have two dimples now. The dimple in my left cheek is lost.

I have been sick. The doctor came.

He just gave me sugar pills.

I have forgotten the rest.

Your dear little

Pauline Blake.



## Lesson XLVII.

## GOOD-BYE, LITTLE FLOWERS.



Hark! through the pine boughs  
Cold wails the blast.  
Birds south are flying,  
Summer is dying,  
Flower time is past.

Cold are November skies,  
Sunless and drear.  
Golden rod, eyelids close;  
Aster, tuck up your toes:  
Winter is here.

“Good-bye, little flowers!”  
The icy winds sing;  
Snow, blanket them over;  
Sleep well, little clover,  
Sleep till the spring.

## Lesson XLVIII.

## THE SWEET P'S.

daugh ter	mer ri ly	quar rel	shy
no tic ing	an gry	pu pils	driv en
fun ni er	dim plēs	doc tor's	El in or
pa tience	for got ten	min is ter's	bet ter

Here are my dear little Sunday-school pupils.

Everybody calls them the sweet P's.

Can you tell why?

It is not because they are so good and sweet.

It is not because they look like the pretty garden flower we all love. It is because their last names begin with P.

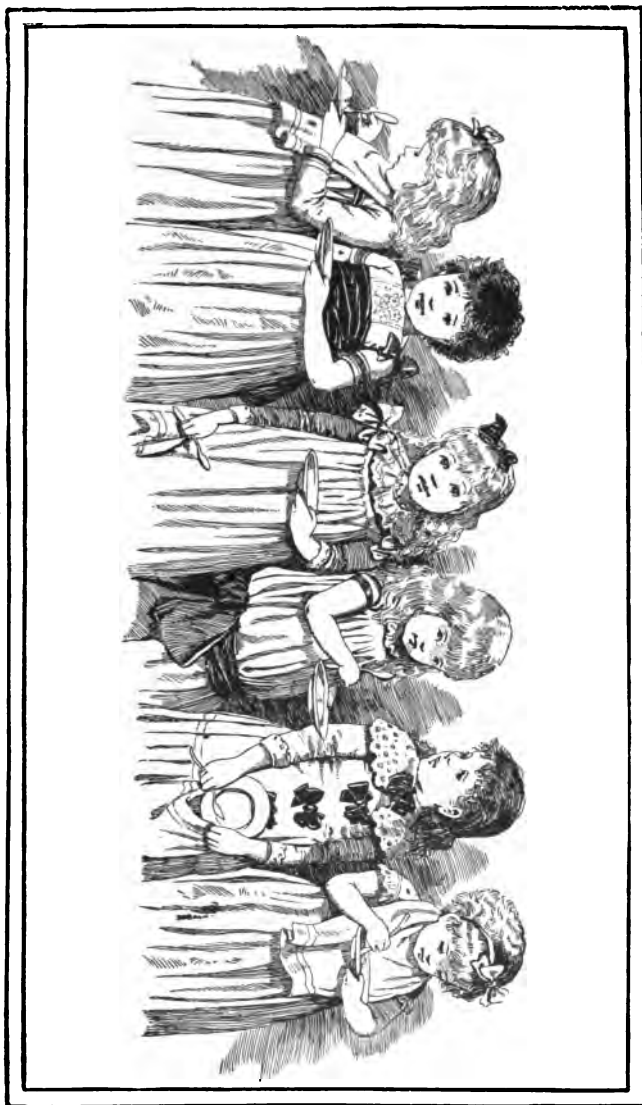
Isn't that funny? But I can tell you something funnier still.

They have pet names, and these pet names begin with P also.

Let me tell you about them.

The little girl at the left is Polly Perry.

She is our minister's daughter.





Her real name is Mary, for her sweet old grandmother.

Polly's hair is light brown, and she has the funniest little dimples in each cheek.

She is a shy birdie. She will not look up if she thinks any one is noticing her.

Next to her is Pansy Pratt.

Her name is Elinor. We think she has a real pansy face, with her dark eyes and long lashes.

Pussy Payson is our doctor's little girl.

She is never afraid of anything or anybody.

See her look at you with her great brown eyes.

I think Pussy's real name is Ruth, but every one seems to have forgotten it.

Look at the next one. Isn't she a pet?

She lives at our house, and we never call her anything else but Pet or Home Darling.

She is just like a little white kitten, or, as her auntie says,—

*"Our little wee white rose  
Of all the world."*

When you ask her what her real name is, she will tell you, "Margaret Clayton Percy."

Patty Pope, who lives next door, is Pet's great friend.

Patty's name is Patience. "Just what I haven't the least speck of," she says, merrily.

Patty hasn't much patience, it is true, but she is a loving little soul.

Last, but not least, is Alice Porter, or Peace, as we call her.

When she was just old enough to trot around, her father called her his "three-cent piece."

But I think P-e-a-c-e tells about her better.

When the other girls get cross and quarrel, dear Peace has a sweet word to say.

So the angry feelings are driven away.

What do you think of my sweet P's?

#### LANGUAGE LESSON.

1. Write a description of any one of the sweet P's from memory.
2. What are they doing?
3. How old do you think they are?

## Lesson XLIX.

## THE STORY NELLIE LIKES TO HEAR.

cud dles	un packed	wheel bar row
charm	con tents	car riage
ba na nas	frol ick ing	trink et

When Nellie Bland feels tired, she cuddles up in Aunt Nannie's lap, and begs for a story.

"Tell me about Rosie Day," she says. Nellie has heard this story many times, but it never loses its charm.

"Rosie Day is a very nice little girl," begins Aunt Nannie. "She is kind and gentle to every one.

"She is so good to her pets, that they are all very tame. They know that she loves them, so they love to be near her.

"Rosie Day has a dear friend, Edith Martin. They play together nearly every day.

"Edith has a snow-white lamb, Lily, and Rosie has a little dog.

"It is very pretty to see the four frolicking together.

“One day Rosie said, ‘Let us take our playthings and spend the day under the pines.’



“The pines stood by a little brook that ran singing through the field.

"Their mammas were very willing, so the children ran to get ready.

"They packed the toys they wanted in a wheelbarrow, and Fred wheeled it down for them.

"Edith ran home for some lunch, and Rosie started for the field.

"She carried her dear baby doll in one hand, and pushed her doll carriage with the other. In the carriage was tiny Belle, another much-loved doll.

"Fred had put up a hammock under two trees. He also built a little fireplace for them near the bank of the brook.

"When Edith came back, the fun began.

"First, they unpacked all their things. They made a house of flat stones. It had lovely moss carpets.

"Then they played house.

"They filled their little tubs with water, and had a grand wash.

"‘My Julia Jane is so careless,’ said Rosie. ‘She gets her aprons dirty in five minutes.’

"‘My Sarah Betsey tears her things more than she soils them,’ Edith replied.

"They put up a little line and hung their washing out.

"After this, they were tired, and got into the hammock to rest.

"They told each other all the trials that come to housekeepers.

"Edith's children ran away and stole sugar. Rosie's youngest boy had fits.

"All this time Lily was eating grass close by, and Trinket was catching grasshoppers.

"After a while they made a wreath of daisies for Lily's neck.

"At noontime the lunch baskets were unpacked, and their contents spread upon a white table-cloth.

"They had sandwiches, cookies, tiny frosted cakes shaped like hearts, a berry pie apiece, strawberries, and bananas. Besides, Edith's mamma had sent a bottle of milk.

"This had been left in the brook all the morning to keep cool and fresh.

"Each little girl had a pretty china mug to drink from.

"Rosie's had a blue bird painted on it. Edith's had a bunch of cherries.

"The dolls all sat up very straight, and behaved beautifully.

"They must have eaten a good deal, for when the table was cleared hardly a crumb was left.

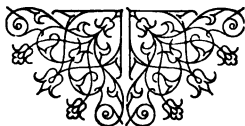
"After the dishes were washed, the little girls played house and made visits back and forth.

"Later in the afternoon they waded in the brook and made daisy chains.

"At last the sun crept around to the west, and it was time to go home. They packed the wheelbarrow, and Fred wheeled it home.

"Edith led Lily with her shepherd's crook, while Trinket frisked about their feet.

"The happy day, like all other good things, had come to an end."



## Lesson L.

## THE LITTLE MOTHER.

I sit here sewing, sewing,  
The summer hours away ;  
No time for fairy stories,  
Not even time to play.

Now, Rover, don't disturb me ;  
Please, Kitty, catch a mouse ;  
I'm glad that Baby's sleeping,  
I want a quiet house.

Dear me ! I think that children  
Wear out their clothes so fast !  
If folks could dress in iron,  
How long their things would last !

If aprons grew on bushes,  
And dresses came from seed,  
What fun for all the mothers !  
What easy lives we'd lead !

Oh dear ! what is that music ?  
And such a pretty air !  
The organ man is coming ;  
A monkey, I declare !





Dear me, where is he going?  
That monkey's *such* a fright!  
I only hope I'll catch him  
Before he's out of sight.

## Lesson LI.

## WALTER'S STORY.

rea son	tube-like	fer tile	march ing
de pends	moist ure	re mind	af ford



“Well, old fellow, what have you learned in school to-day?”

Mr. Gordon said this one evening after tea.

“We had something about trees.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Our teacher told us that it was not wise to cut away the woods near places where rivers rise. The rain-falls would not be as great as before, and the rivers would become smaller.”

“What harm would that do?”

"Why, the rivers wouldn't turn the mills so well, for one thing."

"I know another reason," said Clara, Walter's sister.

"Let us hear it, my little girl."

"If there is less rain, the crops won't grow."

"Miss Wade had us look on the under-side of a leaf, and tell her what we saw."

"It was covered with little hairs."

"She told us that the hairs were the ends of tube-like mouths."

"These mouths were all the time drawing the moisture in the air."

"Well, Walter, what do you think of this constant cutting down of trees near river sources?"

"I think it is wrong, papa. Miss Wade says that some of our best rivers are lowering just for that reason. Of course they do not afford as good water-power."

"Have you ever heard how waste lands are made fertile?"

"They plant trees, and that brings more rain," said Clara.

"We are going to have Arbor Day in our school," said Harry, who had just come in. "We shall plant quite a number of trees."

"I am very glad," said Mr. Gordon, "and I hope my children will always love trees. They are such a delight to the eye, besides being so useful. Do you remember the trees we saw at Wood's Holl?"

"Nearly all of them were planted by one man. When he passes away he will not be forgotten."

"The trees he has planted will always remind others of him."

"Never cut or hack trees, or tear off their branches, as some boys do."

"That reminds me of those pretty little birches on the road to school," said Henry. "I found one almost torn to pieces. Bobby Grant was just marching away. 'He wanted a whip,' he said."

"I think if you older boys take pains, you may teach the little ones to use trees as they ought."

"Is it well to have trees around the house, papa?"

"Not too near, as it causes dampness. And the lower branches should be trimmed away, so that the sunshine may fall upon the house."

"Mr. Eaton is going to take us out into the woods some day. We shall get pieces of as many kinds of wood as we can.

"We shall leave a piece of the bark on, and write the name of the tree on each piece."

"We are going to gather different shapes of leaves, and press them," said Walter. "Then we shall paste them in blank books, with the name of each written underneath."

"These are all good plans," replied Mr. Gordon. "Keep on and learn all you can. The book of Nature is full of wonderful tales."



## Lesson LII.

## NILS AND THE WATERFALL.

## PART I.

Nils	lu pin	breath	patch es
spray	col ors	Nor way	locked
dash ing	lis ten	thrown	un der stand
pop pies	us u al	foam ing	se cret
heav y	bold er	play mate	shone

Little Nils was born in Norway, by the side of a great waterfall.

The tiny log house was very near the water; so near that drops of spray were thrown up against the window.

It was a lovely spot.

The clear, green water came down over the rocks, dashing and foaming.

Great pines, and the greenest of grass and moss, grew to the very water's edge.

Below, in the valley, its banks were lined with flowers; and such flowers!

There were great red poppies, deep-blue corn-flowers, and patches of pink lupin.

It is true that this land is locked in ice and snow many months of the year.

But when summer does come, it makes up for its short stay.

It gathers all the gay colors one could think of.

Little Nils always loved the great Fall.

When a baby, he was put out in his cradle under the pines on summer days.

The little fellow would smile and listen in a very knowing way.

His mother often said, "I think the Fall talks to the boy, and he understands."

When Nils grew older, he would say to his mother, "I don't believe it is nice in the valley. I don't want to live there."

"Ah! if you lived in the valley, you could go to school and have mates."

"But I shouldn't have the Fall," he would reply. "I don't want playmates. The Fall is all the playmate I want."

"Still, a playmate would talk to you," his mother would urge.

"But the Fall talks to me!"

"What does it say?"

"That is a secret, mother, I cannot tell you."

"Dear me! what a strange child it is!" the mother would say, shaking her head.

Nils went out one summer morning, running as usual to the Fall.

It was a beautiful day.

The happy child looked up to the deep blue sky and felt glad.

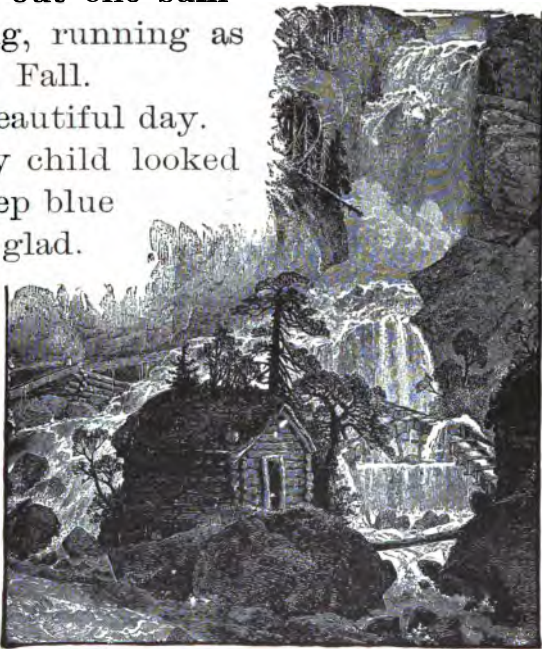
He sat down upon the grass and looked about him.

The sun shone, the little birds sang, and the air was

heavy with the breath of sweet flowers.

The Fall thundered past, singing its grand song.

Nils felt very strange.





His heart was full of joy, yet the tears came to his eyes; words also came to him.

He sat saying them over, until before he knew it, a little song had grown.

He began to hum the words over, and very soon had made a tune. Then he stood up and sang them aloud.

At first he was afraid of his own voice, but he grew bolder.

As he sang, the joy of his heart grew greater and greater, until he fairly shouted.

This was his song:—

#### THE SONG OF THE FALL.

Beautiful water, come down to me,  
Singing your song so glad and free.

Say, do you come from the stars so high,  
Beautiful water, dashing by?



## Lesson LIII.

## NILS AND THE WATERFALL.

## PART II.

passed	shin ing	height
coun tries	fresh ness	re mem ber
stud ied	taught	roam

This was the first song Nils ever wrote, but it was not his last.

Years passed, and the boy became a man.

He left the dear old home and went out into the world.

He visited many countries, and studied in great schools.

All the time he wrote the sweet songs every one loved to hear.

He was a very noble-looking man, with his sunny blue eyes and high brow.

"His eyes are like mountain lakes, so pure, so deep, so shining," people said.

"He carries the freshness and beauty of his mountain home with him," others said.

So Nils made sunshine wherever he went.

His sweet songs made every one glad; they were sung by young and old.

"The dear old Fall taught me everything," he would say.

Every summer Nils and his young wife visited the old home. With them a little boy came also.

"Oh! the pretty water," the child would say, clapping his fat hands.

"Sing! Alfred, sing!" his father would say.

Then the dear child's silvery voice would ring out:—

Beautiful water, come down to me,  
Singing your song so glad and free.

Say, do you come from the stars so high,  
Beautiful water, dashing by?

But there were more verses now.

The poet had remembered that first song of the child.

He had added to it the thoughts and feelings that had come to the man. This is the rest of it:—

Beautiful water! Dear God, I pray,  
Mine be ever so pure a way.

Mine be ever the lofty height,  
Mine be ever the star's sweet light.

Light and gladness where'er I roam,  
Upward and onward to Thee, my home.



Lesson LIV.

BRIGHT EYES.

IV.

dis a gree a ble      hab it      pet i ole      stalk

*Walter.* Here we are with our leaves,  
Auntie. We have been trying to guess what  
you would give us to-day. I thought it  
might be the edges of leaves.

*Aunt K.* Will you tell me, Agnes, what  
we learned in the last lesson?

*Agnes.* We learned that leaves differ in  
*size, shape, edges, and veining.*

*Aunt K.* Did you find any other differ-  
ences?

*Harold.* The ends of leaves differ. Some  
are pointed, some round, some very blunt.

*Nannie.* The under sides differ too.

*Aunt K.* That is so. Owen, did *you* find any other difference?

*Owen.* I noticed that all leaves are not the same color. Then, some are spotted.

*Aunt K.* I want you to learn the parts of a leaf. We should have done so in the first place. Tell me about this part, Ethel.

*Ethel.* It is the broad, green part.

*Aunt K.* That is the blade. This lower part that fastens the leaf to the main stem is the *petiole*. It is really a little stalk. What other parts do leaves have?

*Florence.* They have veins. What are the veins for?

*Aunt K.* What are your veins for?

*Florence.* Why, they are for the blood to run in. But do leaves have blood?

*Walter.* Leaves have sap, Florence, and that is the same for them as blood is for us.

*Aunt K.* Leaves are the lungs of a plant. Look on the back of your leaves; what do you see?

*Harry.* I see a lot of little dots, with a hair coming out of each!

*Aunt K.* These hairs are the ends of wee tubes. The tubes are so many mouths. So you see the leaf is covered with mouths that are all the time sucking in from the air all that is needed for breathing. Let us go back to the *size* of leaves. Do you see any great difference between leaves in that respect?

*Nannie.* Why, some leaves are so little they are just like dots.

*Owen.* I read in one of papa's books of a leaf so large that a child could lie down in it.

*Agnes.* I have noticed that when the leaves of plants are *very* large, the blossoms are apt to be small. .

*Aunt K.* Have you any idea why that is so?

*Agnes.* I asked our gardener about it. He said that if all the life of a plant ran into the leaves, there would be little left for blossoms.

*Aunt K.* I want you to notice the different *shapes* of leaves for the next time.

*Walter.* The sap of some plants is sticky.

If you get milkweed sap on your hands, it makes them feel very disagreeable.

*Aunt K.* I am glad you notice these little things. It is a very good habit. If you go on, you will have "bright eyes" even enough to suit me.



### Lesson LV.

#### THE UNKIND WORDS.

schol ar	dis a gree a ble	an gel	weight
hab it	anx ious ly	ea ger	ti dy

"Mamma," said Gracie Lee, "a new scholar has come to our school, and I don't like her one bit."

"Who is she?" replied Mrs. Lee; "and *why* don't you like her?"

"Her name is Emma Smith, and she lives in a little house on the road to the Poor Farm."

"But *why* don't you like her? If she has been in school but one day, how can you

"Well, I don't like her, *any way*," said Gracie, looking very cross.

"Grace," said her mother, gravely, "you have the very bad habit of being sure about things before you know anything about them. I cannot have you talk so of others. It is more than unkind, and it hurts *you* more than it does any one else. You *must* tell me why you do not like Emma."

Gracie did not reply, but began to twist her apron.

"Is Emma unkind to you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Has she done any wrong thing since you have known her?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is she untidy, or disagreeable in any way?"

"Yes'm; she's real homely, and wears an old brown dress, and her father drinks."

"Why, Gracie Lee, I am ashamed of you. I did not think a child of mine would be so silly and wicked.

"If it is true that Mr. Smith does the wrong thing you spoke of, it is a very sad



matter, and you ought to be sorry for Emma."

"I like Emma. I think she's real kind," spoke up little Millie.

"And why is Emma kind?" asked Mrs. Lee, smiling.

"She played with me at recess, and gave me a swing. I couldn't reach to get a drink of water, and she got one for me.

"I don't think Emma's *very* homely, mamma, and she's *real* clean."

"Bless you, my kind little girl," said Mrs. Lee, kissing the eager face. "I know you will be kind to poor Emma. You must be all the kinder because your older sister is unkind."

Gracie looked crosser still, and said, "Well, I don't care. I don't like her, and I won't say I do."

Mrs. Lee said no more, but went about her work with a very sore feeling in her heart. I don't think Gracie felt much happier.

Emma Smith went home that night to the little house where her mother was waiting her. .

"How do you like school, Emma?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O mother, school is splendid. I know I shall learn; Miss Ward is so kind. And the girls are so pretty. I never saw such pretty girls, and they wear such lovely dresses. But the prettiest one of all is Gracie Lee. I don't believe she is going to like me. She wouldn't stand by me in the file."

"I'm sorry, my child, if these girls are not going to be kind to you," said Mrs. Smith, sadly.

"Oh, never mind; I shall be all right," said Emma, bravely. "I wish you could see Gracie's little sister Millie. She is just like a little angel, with her yellow curls. We played together all recess."

The next day Grace would not speak to Emma. Millie, however, gave her a sweet kiss as she said, "My mamma thinks you must be a nice girl 'cause you're so kind to me."

At recess all the girls stood in a ring to play "Drop the handkerchief." Gracie

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Emma.

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1. General

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For your information

- - - - -

THE CITY OF

had COMPANY. & IN

re-dressed for tea

... did not enjoy herself

although the man who told such funny stories was there.

She hurried into bed without saying her prayers, but could not get to sleep.

There was a great lump in her throat, and a weight upon her heart.

It grew heavier and heavier, until at last she began to cry. Mrs. Lee heard her, and came in and sat down by the bed.

"I've been real wicked, mamma," said the poor child. "I've been real bad to Emma, and every time I shut my eyes I can see her face."

Mrs. Lee talked gently to her little girl about her sin.

"Do you think God will forgive me?" sobbed the poor child.

"I am sure He will if you ask Him. Now go to sleep, and to-morrow you can make it right with Emma." So Gracie said her prayers and fell asleep.

The next day she went up to Emma and said, "I was real mean yesterday, but I'm sorry. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I will," said Emma,

So the two little girls kissed each other warmly and ran off to play. The weight had gone from Grace's heart. Can you tell me why?

---

### Lesson LVI.

#### A SONG FOR SUMMER.

lea	fear	o'er flow ing	fol lowed
wave lets	spring ing	si lent ly	dar ling
van ished	mu sic	dain ty	spring



summer is here,  
 Robins are singing with never a fear.  
 Dance, dance, dance!  
 For summer, glad summer, is here.

Sing, sing, sing!

With happy birds in tune.

Sing, sing, sing!

'Neath sunny skies of June.

Daisies are springing, and buttercups' gold

Fills all the meadow with riches untold.

Sing, sing, sing!

For summer, glad summer, is here.

Sing, dance, sing!

Ô children bright and free.

Sing, dance, sing!

And happy, happy be.

Summer is bringing its gladness to earth,

Life is o'erflowing with music and mirth.

Sing, dance, sing!

For summer, glad summer, is here.

---

Sing a song for little Spring-tide,

Sing it very soft and low.

Baby-thing, she grew so tired,

To her bed she had to go ;

Where the greenest mosses creep,

Lies the Baby Spring asleep.

All the violets are sleeping;  
 They have vanished quite away;  
 Silently the mayflowers followed,  
 With the going out of May.  
 Good-bye, many a dainty thing;  
 Good-bye, darling Baby Spring.



## Lesson LVII.

## VERA'S EXAMPLE.

earn est ly	mul ti plied	seemed	ob long
ex am ple	un der stand	square	add ed
les son	dol lars	an swer	cop ied

Vera sat by the table trying to do an example in to-morrow's lesson. It seemed very hard to the little girl. She did not understand it one bit.

The example was this:—

“My garden is five feet long and six feet wide. I build a fence around it at two dollars a foot. What does my fence cost?”

Vera went to work with very little idea of what the example meant. She added the

five, six, and two dollars together, but the answer did not come right.

Then she multiplied the numbers together,



but the result was no better. The great tears came into her eyes and fell down on the slate.



"Oh, dear! how I wish I were smart like Nellie Brown!" she said to herself; "she gets her examples right every day."

Vera sat very still for a moment, thinking.

At last she took her slate again, cleaned it, and set earnestly to work.

"A garden five feet long and six feet wide. What is the shape of that garden? It isn't a square, because all the sides of a square are alike. Why! it's an oblong."

So Vera made an oblong on her slate.

She marked the longer sides into six parts, and the shorter sides into five parts.

Then she counted all the parts together. There were two fives and two sixes.

That made twenty-two feet.

It was twenty-two feet around the garden.

"Every foot of the fence costs two dollars," went on Vera.

She made two dots in every space around the oblong.

Then she counted the dots and found that there were just forty-four of them.

So the answer was forty-four dollars.

It was the right answer.

How glad Vera was! She copied her drawing on paper and took it to school.

Miss Smith was very much pleased. "That is a very good way to do," she said.

What do *you* think, children?

[Do this example as Vera did hers.]

My yard is seven feet long and four feet wide.  
What will it cost to fence it at three dollars a foot?



### Lesson LVIII.

#### THE BROKEN UMBRELLA.

con ven i ent	suc ceed	sud den ly
fa vor	um brel la	mo ment
din ing	firm ly	coast ing

Uncle Dick had a large green umbrella that Sammy thought very fine. He wanted to carry it himself, although it was nearly as tall as he. The umbrella stood in the hall behind the door.

It was a convenient place for Uncle Dick. He would rush out of the dining-room for

the train and seize the umbrella as he went by. Sammy thought it a convenient place for himself. He meant to have that umbrella some day.

Uncle Dick went away for the night and did not take his umbrella.

Sammy felt very glad.

The next day it rained very hard.

"This will spoil your coasting," said his mother.

Sammy did not reply; he was thinking how to get hold of the umbrella.

It was Saturday, so there was no school.

His mother said to him, "You must carry a basket of food to poor Mrs. White. She is very ill, and it will be a great favor to her."

Sammy put on his cap and coat and brought his sled to the door.

His mother tied the basket firmly to the sled, and went in to her work.

Sammy stole back softly, got the umbrella, and was through the gate in a moment.

He did not dare open his prize until out of sight of the house. It seemed hard to open, but he succeeded after a while.

Then it seemed very heavy to carry with one hand.

He had to draw his sled with the other.



The wind began to blow very hard.

He held on with all his might.

Suddenly his umbrella was turned inside out.

Poor Sammy! he dropped the string of his sled, and tried to turn the umbrella back again.

But he could not, for two of the springs were broken.

He stood in the road, crying; but that did no good.

At last he went on, dragging his sled and the broken umbrella after him.

I will not tell you what mamma said or did when he got home.

I will only say that he no longer cared for big green umbrellas.



### Lesson LIX.

#### "PUT ON THE HANDLES."

re mark	earn est ly	shab by
re mov ing	fa vor	peo ple
yard	con ven i ent	served
play ful	squirm er	ser vant

"Mamma, I want a cookie; may I have one?"

It was little Flo Davis, just home from school, who made this remark.

"Put on the handles, Flo," said dear old Grandma, from her chair in the sunny bay window.

"Why, Grandma Farwell, what *do* you mean?" cried Flo, her eyes very wide open.

"Come here, my child, and I will tell you," said Grandma, gently removing her ball of yarn from the playful kitty at her feet.

Forgetting all about the cookie, Flo ran to Grandma's side. She stood there, looking earnestly up into the sweet old face.

"When I was a child just your age, my Grandma used to say that same thing to me.

"It was when *I* forgot to say just what *you* forgot when you asked Mamma for a cookie."

"Oh, I know; I didn't say 'please.' Is 'please' one of the handles?"

"Yes, my dear; 'please' is a handle that must never be left off when a favor is asked. There are other handles too, quite as important."

"I think that 'thank you' must be one of them, Grandma."

"So it is; but these two handles are often left off. I heard a little girl ask her nurse this morning to braid her hair 'real quick.'

"Now Nurse was just giving Baby his bath, and the little girl was late. You know that children who are late in this house must wait on themselves. That is the rule.

"But Nurse was very kind. She had Baby on her lap and had been rubbing him.

"It was not at all convenient for her to stop. But she did; she rolled him up in his blanket and managed to hold the little squirmer and braid the hair also. Yet the girlie never even said 'please' or 'thank you.'

"Then when Jane stopped her work to find your bag, you did not thank her."

Flo's little face grew very red.

"I won't forget again, dear Grandma," she whispered softly.

"Always remember, dear, that a kind, polite word to others when they have served you, is like a bit of real sunshine.

"The poorer they are, the more careful one must be to 'put on the handles.'

"You remember the man who got up and gave Mamma his seat in the street car, when we were coming home from church last Sunday?

"He was very shabby and looked as if he had a hard time of it; yet how polite he was.

"When your mamma thanked him in her lovely way, I saw his face light up.

"Whenever you ask servants to do a favor for you, be sure and thank them as prettily as you know how.

"When your little sister waits on you, as she often does, don't forget to say 'Thank you, Addie.'

"'Handles' are little things, but they show the real lady, who will never forget to say 'please' and 'thank you.'"

"I will try to be a real lady, Grandma," said the child, earnestly.

"I know you will try, my darling; only little people forget."

"When I forget, just say 'handles' to me; will you, please, Grandma?"



"Yes, Flo, if that will help you. Now run to Susan, and I think she will give you a cookie and some milk."

"Thank you, dear Grandma."



### Lesson LX.

#### THE STORY OF A GREAT FIGHT.

ses sion	qui et ly	ser mon
roar ing	ter ri ble	tough
fright ful ly	crea ture	twink ling
fur ni ture	fight	peace

It was a rainy day, and all the schools had one session. Because of this, a great fight took place in the Thornton house.

It had been very still for some time, when the door of the sitting-room opened, and in walked a—*Great Big Lion*; roaring frightfully.

Mamma, who had been sewing quietly by the window, turned pale and jumped up.

"Dear me!" she cried, "what shall I do!"

I shall be eaten alive! I think I must hide," and Mamma ran behind a big chair.

The terrible beast roared still more frightfully and tried to get her.

But Mamma was in a corner and held the big chair tightly.

After a while the lion walked into the study where Papa sat writing.

"I'm a Bible lion, and I like ministers!" growled the huge creature.

"If I give you a sermon to eat, won't that do just as well?" said Papa, putting the table between him and the beast.

"No, *no*, *NO!*" roared the lion; "sermons *too tough*, can't chew 'em, like real live ministers better. Ugh, *ugh*, *UGH!*"

Then a terrible battle followed.

The minister tried his best to defend himself with the paper-cutter.

But the lion got two or three good bites before he left.

Then the lion walked out into the kitchen.

Cook jumped, Mary screamed, and the girl who washed dishes hopped up on the table.

The lion had a fine time in this new field.

He poked his nose into the starch, upset the clothes-pin basket, and swallowed seven lumps of sugar in a twinkling.

At last he went away with four dough-nuts, and crept up to the nursery.

"Good place!" he roared; "three nice fat little girls and boys to eat. *Ugh! Ugh!*"

Nurse looked a little startled, but, I am ashamed to say, let her nurslings go without a word.

Of course the babies screamed, but the wicked lion dragged them off to his den and ate them one by one.

By this time the rain had stopped and the sun was out again.

A whistle sounded from the next yard, and that lion was off in a minute.

Papa walked into the hall and picked up his best buffalo robe and two fur rugs that the lion had dropped in his flight.

Then he went back to his sermon.

Mamma put the furniture in place, the babies laughed and cooed in the nursery.

In the kitchen, the servants went about

getting supper, Cook saying as she swept up the sugar from the floor, "Oh! he's the *by* for ye!"

So the great fight was over and ended in peace.



### Lesson LXI.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW TO-DAY?

cra dles	swing ing	wrapped	brook let
quaint	sway ing	tucked	ap pears
gid dy	whirls	whis per	bil lows



What do you think I saw to-day,  
Out in the meadow, over the way?

Rows of cradles, quaint and brown,  
Swinging and swaying up and down.

Wrapped in their blankets of soft gray fur,  
Tucked in so tight that they could not stir;

Sleeping away with never a care,  
Mother Spring's babies, taking the air.

No face saw I, as to and fro  
They swung, all covered from top to toe.

No sound from the little cribs heard I;  
Mother Spring's babies never cry.

The brooklet sang them a cradle song:  
"Sleep, little ones, 'twill not be long;

"Your rest will soon be over, dears;  
And when the lovely spring appears,

"You'll put aside your blankets gray,  
And then for such a merry play.

"Upon the South Wind's giddy whirls  
You'll throw your lovely golden curls."

Swinging and swaying up and down,  
Dear little babies in cribs of brown,

Who can whisper unto me  
What these little babes may be?

Ever by the brooklet's billows,  
Swing the sleepy pussy-willows.

## Lesson LXII.

## A SEASIDE GARDEN.

Fisherman Joe brought his young wife to the cottage on the beach.

Sallie had been brought up on a farm a few miles inland.

She loved the green fields with the broad river winding through.

She missed the flowers and the waving trees.

The ocean, with its sparkling blue waves, pleased her, and she loved the salt breeze.

But it was all sand, sand, sand. Oh, how it made her heart ache at times!

By and by a little Prudy and Joe were running about in the cottage.

They loved flowers dearly, these two wee sea-birds.

They would pick the wild beach-pea, that grows in the sand, and bring their little bunches home in delight to mother.

One summer they made a visit to the old farm where mother was born.

How happy the children were!

They rolled in the hay, fed the biddies, and filled their little hands with daisies, buttercups, and clover.

When they came home they missed the sweet blossoms.

Prudy talked of them in her sleep, and Joe cried pitifully for the "pitty fowers."

The mother's heart was sore.

"I *must* have a garden for my darlings," she said to her brother, who was making them a visit; "but how can I do it in all this sand?"

"Just leave it to Joe and me," said kind brother Tim; "we'll fix it."

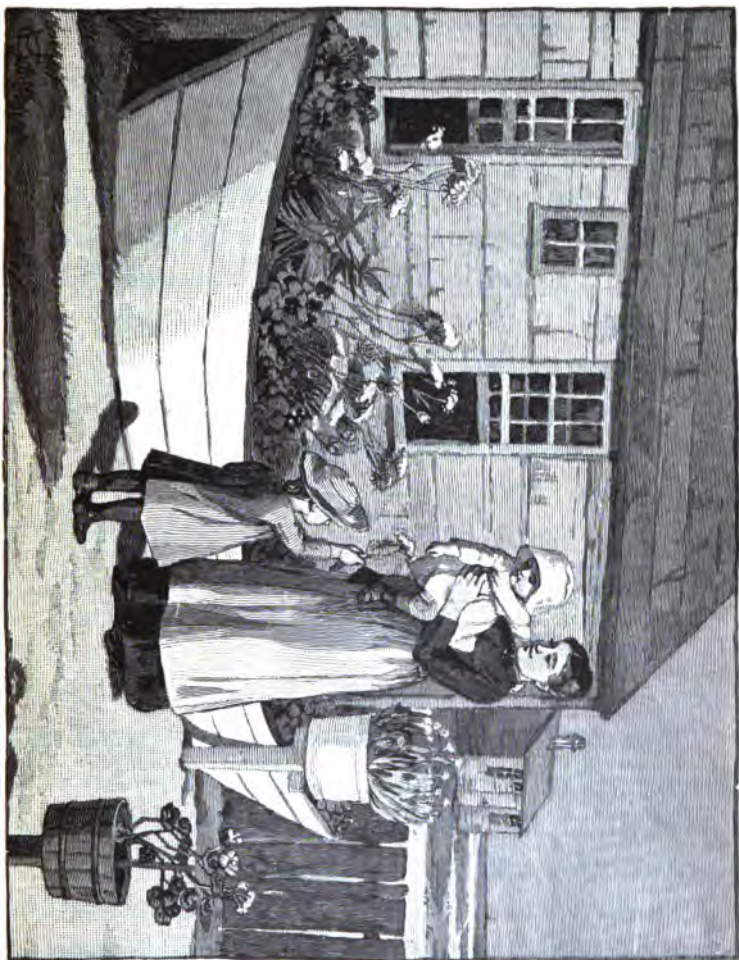
One day he went home, and came back with a whole cart-load of dark, rich dirt.

Joe had an old boat that was not fit to use in his fishing.

They filled the boat with earth and set it under the cottage windows.

The next day Tim brought over a load of plants that he had taken from the farm garden.

These plants were set out in the earth, and at last Prudy and Joe had a garden.





How they watched every flower!

Nearly all of them lived. The salt air seemed to give them extra vigor.

They threw out such fine leaves, and they blossomed all summer long.

Prudy and Joe did not care for toys now; they loved better to watch their dear plants.

When autumn came, and the last flower had faded, both of the children cried.

"Never mind, dears," said mother, showing them the papers of seeds; "we'll have another garden next year."



### Lesson LXIII.

#### BRIGHT EYES.

##### V.

*Aunt Katharine.* Owen, what have you learned about leaves so far?

*Owen.* The parts of a leaf are the blade, petiole, and veins.

*Walter.* Leaves differ in size, shape, edges, veining, color, in shape of the ends and of the part near the petiole.

*Nannie.* You asked us to notice the shape of leaves for to-day. This leaf is almost round.

*Agnes.* This one is roundish, but ever so much longer than it is wide. I don't know what to call the shape.

*Aunt K.* I should call it an ellipse. Walter, make an ellipse on the board.

*Ethel.* This locust leaf is ellipse-shaped.

*Harold.* Do look at this little white birch leaf; it is almost like a triangle.

*Flora.* Here is a leaf shaped like an arrow-head. I picked it from a plant that grows in the brook.

*Anna.* The grape leaf looks like a heart.

*Fred.* This leaf looks a little like an arrow-head, but not just like one.

*Harry.* That is shaped like a lance. You know what a lance is, don't you?

*Fred.* Oh, yes; it is something like a spear.

*Owen.* Here is one shaped like an egg. It is broad and rounding at the bottom, and runs to a point at the top.

*Agnes.* The petiole of this nasturtium leaf grows out of the middle.

*Walter.* It looks like a shield, Aunt Kitty.

*Aunt K.* So it is shield-shaped. Here is a daisy leaf. What garden tool is it shaped like?

*Ethel.* It looks as much like a spade as anything.

*Anna.* Here is a bit of sage bush, Auntie. The leaves have little things growing out at the bottom, on either side.

*Florence.* They look as much like *ears* as anything else.

*Aunt K.* You may call it ear-shaped leaf. We have noticed quite a number of shapes. Give them to me, and I will write them down.

This is the list Aunt Katharine wrote:—

round	triangular	arrow-shaped
ellipse-shaped	lance-shaped	egg-shaped
spade-shaped	shield-shaped	ear-shaped
	heart-shaped	

See if you can find the same shaped leaves to show your teacher.

Draw your leaves and put in the veins.

Lesson LXIV.

LANGUAGE LESSON.



1. What do you see in this picture?
2. Tell me how the girl is dressed.
3. What do the sheep want?
4. What is the matter with the little lamb?

5. What time of day is it?
6. Why do you think so?
7. What has the girl in her basket?
8. In what country do you think she lives?
9. What is her name?
10. Write a story about this picture.

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Lesson LXV.

BERTHA'S DREAM.

fin ish	banged	wedged	growled
buzzed	faint ly	snarled	bit ter ly
si lence	cracked	troub le	cho rus
ex press	scratched	fol lowed	hacked
ty rants	scream	ar ranged	fu ture

Bertha was hard at work in the school-room, trying to finish her drawing.

It was after school and a very warm day

The flies buzzed on the window-pane in such a sleepy way that the little girl felt her eyes closing.

"I shall be asleep before I know it," she said, taking up her pencil.

But the sleep would come, and in about five minutes there was no little girl hard at work.

This was Bertha's dream. I know you will agree with me that it was a very strange one.

She thought it was midnight, and the whole house was still. Only the voice of the old clock on the stairs could be heard.

She was in the school-room warming her feet by the fire, for it seemed to be winter.

Suddenly she heard a great noise, and a whole row of slates came marching down to the fire.

They stood there for a moment in silence. Then a large slate spoke up:—

"I'm thankful it is night, and we slates at last have a chance to express our minds.

"What have I not suffered to-day? I've been banged against that desk until I'm fairly sore."

"My case is still sadder," replied a smaller slate faintly. "If Ned bangs you, Nathalie drops *me* on the floor. See! I am cracked from top to toe."

"Tom is forever washing *me*," sighed a third slate. "It is all very well to be neat, but how would *you* like to be flooded with water half the time? I ache all over."

"Totty draws mad-dogs and horses over me with a very hard pencil. How she digs into me! It hurts, I tell you! How would you like to be scratched all over?"

"Where is Bertha's slate?" asked the first slate.

"I can't get out," said a voice very faintly from the corner desk. "I'm wedged in between a box and four books. I'm half in and half out."

"Don't you fret," snarled a book; "it doesn't trouble you any more than it does us."

"Perhaps we, too, would like to be free to join the fireside chat."

Then all the books came tumbling out of the desks.

Some had broken backs and crawled along, helped by their stronger brothers.

Some had leaves missing. They looked very pale and faint.

"We are losing our very life blood," they sighed.

Many had the leaves turned down or bitten at the corners; some had pictures drawn on their blank leaves. They took their places, followed by a shower of sponges.

"I've been in the ink bottle," growled one very black sponge.

"I'm always left on the floor and get stepped on," said a little sponge, crying bitterly.

"Totty tears a piece from me every day. I shall soon be quite gone," said another sponge in heart-breaking tones.

"You're no worse off than we are," cried a little chorus of slate pencils.

"We get broken, dropped, stepped on, lost, until we don't know what or where we are."

"We get hacked, cut, bitten, ink-stained, broken every day," said a lot of foot-rules.

"Children are cruel tyrants. Let us rise and make an end of them," said an ugly-looking ink-bottle.

"There is one of them!" cried a slate.  
"On! on! brave men! at her! at her!"



Bertha tried to run, but could not move.

Slates, books, pencils, ink-bottles, rules, sponges, closed in about her.

She gave one scream and—there she was on the floor in her own school-room. It was only a dream.

She ran to the desks and arranged everything in them.

“Poor little things, you shall be treated better in the future,” she said.



### Lesson LXVI.

#### MAY SONG.

de lay ing	May ing	cow slip.
win try	mould	hum ming
breeze	car pet	daf fo dil
laugh ter	fol lowed	throng
	prais es	

“Oh, where is Spring?” the children cry,

“She is so long delaying,  
We’re tired of these wintry skies,  
We want to go a-Maying.

Come, violet, peep from out the mould;  
Come, cowslip, don your dress of gold;  
No more this long delaying."

The springtide fairy woke from sleep.  
She heard the South Wind humming.  
"Go, little breeze," she cried, "and tell  
The children I am coming.  
Spring, tender grass blades, on the lea,  
And make a carpet green for me,  
For surely I am coming."

Sweet daffodil, in green and gold,  
Came full of springtide laughter;  
The dandelion threw off the mould  
And gayly followed after;  
The pussy-willows shook their curls;  
Then cried the happy boys and girls,  
"Ah! Spring is surely coming!"

The brooklet sings a merry song,  
The world has gone a-Maying;  
Into the fields the children throng,  
And join the lambkins' playing.  
Cold winter had to flee away,  
Sing praises, praises, to the May,  
The world has gone a-Maying.

## Lesson LXVII.

## MARION'S SNOWFLAKE.

In di a      feath er y      No vem ber      sud den ly  
shiv ered      sau cer      ea ger ly      trem bling



Marion sat by the fire, trying hard to keep back the tears.

• She was in Aunt Susan's house, and it was a strange place to her.

She had been born in far-away India.

She had always lived there until a few weeks ago. But you know India is a very hot country, and little white children cannot live long there.

So Mr. and Mrs. Clyde, with much heart-ache, sent their darling child to Aunt Susan, in Boston.

She was to stay there for a few years, until her papa and mamma should be able to come to her.

Boston seemed a very strange place to the little girl, who had always known blue skies and the burning sun of India.

It was in November. The grass was dead, the leaves had fallen, and the sky was a dull gray.

It seemed very cold to her, and she shivered, even in a warm room.

"Marion," said kind Cousin Hetty, "it is beginning to snow. You have never seen snow before."

"Only on the mountains," said Marion, eagerly running to the window.

Yes, it was coming down in large, soft, feathery flakes.

The little girl watched it with delight.

The ground grew whiter and whiter; the air seemed full of the white, whirling things.

Suddenly she heard a faint sound.

"Mew! mew!" came sadly up from the cold storm.

Just below, on the ground, stood a pretty white kitten.

"Oh, Cousin Hetty, there's a white kitten out in the storm! May I let her in? Just hear the poor little thing cry!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear. Open the window and call to her. Perhaps she will jump up to you."

Marion opened the window.

"Kitty! kitty!" she called.

"Mew! mew! mew!" said kitty eagerly, coming nearer.

"Come in, dear kitty, come in!" cried Marion as eagerly.

The white kitty mewed again, coming nearer still.

At last she jumped up on the sill, and Marion caught her, a cold, trembling little thing.

She carried her to the fire, and the white pussy cuddled down on the rug, as if she had always been there.

Cousin Hetty brought a saucer of warm milk, and the two watched her lap it with her dainty red tongue.

Marion was no longer lonely; she had found a playmate.

Kitty Snowflake settled down in her new home as content as could be.

"We must all love Snowflake, because she has made our girl happy," Aunt Susan would say.



## Lesson LXVIII.

## BRIGHT-EYES.

## VI.

ed ges	scal lop	feath er-veined
points	par al lel	wal nut

*Aunt Katharine.* Look at these two leaves, children. What are they?

*Agnes.* One is a lilac leaf, one is a catnip leaf.

*Aunt K.* Look at the edges of the two leaves. What can you tell me about them?

*Harry.* The edge of the lilac is even, the catnip leaf is notched all the way round.

*Agnes.* This leaf is cut into little points, and this one into scallops.

*Owen.* This dandelion leaf is in points also, but they turn back. They are shaped like teeth.

*Aunt K.* The dandelion leaf is tooth-edged, and the leaf Agnes showed us has a saw-shaped edge.

*Nannie.* This leaf looks as if some one had taken the scissors and cut it up into bits.

•

*Florence.* This oak leaf looks as if some one had cut long ellipse-shaped pieces out of it.

*Agnes.* I like to notice the veining of leaves. Now the veins in the lily run up and down, side by side.

*Aunt K.* Such veining is called *parallel* veining. You know, of course, what parallel lines are.

*Ethel.* I should think the walnut leaf was *feather-veined*. The veins run just like the parts of a feather.

*Aunt K.* You are right, little one. And how shall we describe the grape leaf?

*Florence.* The veins form a net-work all over the leaf. We can call it *net-veined*.

*Aunt K.* What kind of veining have we learned about so far?

*Owen.* Parallel-veined, feather-veined, net-veined.

*Aunt K.* I want you all to gather as many kinds of leaves as you can find. Press them, and paste them in these blank books.

Under each leaf write its name, shape, kind of edge, and veining. Who will try?

*Children.* We all will, dear Aunt Kitty.



## Lesson LXIX.

## LANGUAGE LESSON.

Here are the questions Aunt Katharine asked the children one day. Can you answer them?

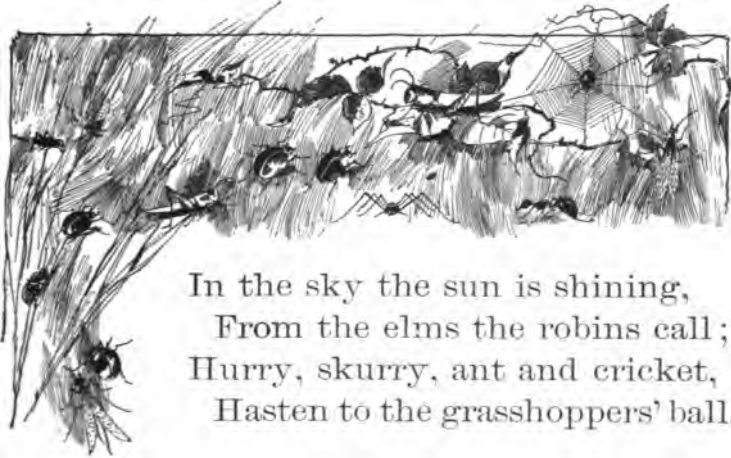
1. Name the parts of a leaf.
2. Describe each.
3. In what do leaves differ?
4. Name the different forms of leaves.
5. What is a parallel-veined leaf?
6. What is a feather-veined leaf?
7. What is a net-veined leaf?
8. What do the veins do for the leaf?
9. What do the leaves do for the plant?
10. What did Aunt Katharine mean by "Bright-Eyes"?



## Lesson LXX.

## THE GRASSHOPPER'S BALL.

co quet ting   chas sé   hur ry   en tran cing  
(ko ket ting)   (shas say)   skur ry   haugh ty



In the sky the sun is shining,  
From the elms the robins call ;  
Hurry, skurry, ant and cricket,  
Hasten to the grasshoppers' ball.

Little brown legs, so light and slender,  
Merrily o'er the grasses swing,  
Hopping, skipping all together,  
Light of foot and fleet of wing.

Little Miss Spider's very charming,  
As she dances out and in  
To the music quite entrancing  
Of the katydid's violin.

See the beetles grave and heavy  
Swing and chassé to and fro;  
In and out, and down the middle,  
See the daddy-long-legs go.

Mr. Bottlefly's coquetting  
With Miss Cricket, I declare!  
While the locusts, haughty creatures,  
Give themselves a stuck-up air.

Hopping, skipping, dancing, turning,  
Twirling, tumbling, one and all,  
Was there ever a jollier party  
Than Miss Grasshopper's birthday ball?



### Lesson LXXI.

#### THE COUNTRY WEEK.

Little Maud Taylor came home from kindergarten one day very much excited.

After Nurse Mary had taken off her coat and hat, she ran to her mamma with a great story to tell.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, as soon as she was seated on her lap, "did you know that

lots of little children have to stay in the hot city all the time?"

"Yes, darling, I knew it. It is very sad."



"Just *think*, mamma! they can't pick daisies, or make mud pies, or do *anything* nice.

"But my teacher told us about kind people who let little children come to see them.

"And we're going to have a fair at our kindergarten to earn money, so we can send some children away for a week."

"That is a lovely plan, dearie. Now, what will *you* do?"

"Mamma, if I hem some towels, will you buy them?"

"Of course I will. You will have to begin right away."

"Yes, mamma; I will begin to-day."

So Maud began to work for the country week fair. Dear little fingers! How tiny they were, and how patiently they toiled!

Every day Maud sewed an hour with her mother until the six towels were done.

"I want to do something else, mamma," she begged.

"What would you like to do?"

"I will sing, mamma."

Now Maud had a very beautiful voice, but was so shy that her mother seldom urged her to sing. She forgot self in her desire to help others.

So when the afternoon of the fair came, some of the children spoke pieces, and the big girls played. Then dear little Maud stood up bravely before them all, and sang about the Lambkin.

It was a sweet song that Aunt Carrie had heard in Germany.

How the people clapped!

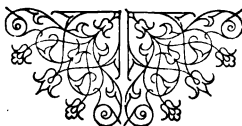
Then the gentlemen said,—

“If she will sing another, we will each give ten cents apiece.”

So Maud sang again, and the silver rattled merrily into the box.

They made fifty dollars; and ten little girls and boys were sent out into the country eight days apiece.

Was not that a lovely thing?



## Lesson LXXII.

## WHAT THEY ALL SAID.

Dob bin	health y	re al ized
im pa tient	thirs ty	hap pi ness
gro cer's	starved	ob tained
well-con duct ed		

It was midnight, and every one in the house was fast asleep.

Out in the barn Dobbin, the pony, moved to and fro, stamping his feet, and giving every now and then an impatient sigh.

"Dear me, Dobbin!" said Frisk, the dog, "can't you keep still? What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," replied Dobbin sadly. "My little master forgot to feed me, and I am so hungry I cannot sleep."

"You poor thing! And after you carried him all the way from Stafford Hill! Well, I can feel for you. Miss Nora did not give *me* any supper. There's a party in the house to-night. It drove me almost crazy to smell the coffee and cold meats."

"Miew, miew!" said the gray pussy, jump-

ing down from the hay-mow. "I've been trying to find a mouse for my supper. I didn't have my saucer of milk to-night.

"No well-conducted cat will eat rats and mice unless driven to it. We kill them, to be sure; but every one knows that it is not healthy to eat them. But how many poor cats are driven to such things!"

"Well," said Dobbin, "we are 'all in the same box,' as far as I can see. I wonder why human beings are so selfish.

"If Master Percy had to lose *his* supper, wouldn't there be music! He is so strange! Sometimes he just piles my feed-box so full, that, if I were foolish enough to eat all he gives me, I should have the blind staggers.

"Then the next day, perhaps, I won't have more than one good meal."

"I often wake up in the night so thirsty I cannot go to sleep again," sighed Frisk. "If Miss Pauline would only think to put a dish of water near me!"

"When I get in the pantry and help myself," said Kitty, "I always get a beating.

"That wicked thief of a cat!" said Cook,



the other day. Is it wicked to take food when others neglect you, and you are so starved you can hardly walk?

"Then, if one has four little kittens to care for, one must have food."

"Now, I'm sure my master loves me," said Dobbin. "He never beats or ill-uses me. But he does often forget to give me my supper."

"Oh, if human beings only realized what they owe to those who serve them! Still, I am better off than many of my brothers."

"Look at the dray and car horses! Our life is happiness itself compared with theirs."

"There are some very kind people in the world," said Frisk.

"A dog who goes about as much as I do, cannot fail seeing some very beautiful things. One hot day in summer a poor old horse was tied to a post, where the flies bothered him, and the sun came down on his head."

"Some children came along; and what did they do?"

"Why, they gathered grass and fed him. They patted him, and fanned him with green boughs that kept the flies away."

"Now, some boys would have stoned a poor old horse; but these children were kind.

"It made me think of the verse I heard Miss Pauline say to her mother last Sunday:—

"'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"Those children make me think of the Hendersons, next door," said Pussy. "Their cat, Dinah, is, as you know, a very intimate friend of mine.

"She tells me that in winter they sprinkle ashes on the ice, so that the grocer's horse may not stumble."

"It must be beautiful to be a kind boy or girl," said Frisk. "People have such chances to learn, and be something!

"Now, a little dog can't do much. He can love his master and mistress, keep thieves away, and look after the children to see that no harm comes near them; that is about all."

"I have often heard my mistress' father and mother talk to the children about One whom they call God," said Puss. "It seems

that He made everybody and everything, even cats.

"I have heard that He loves and cares for everything he has made.

"Now, if we try to do our best, will He not care for us?"

"I think we must try," said Dobbin gently.

"I am glad we have had this talk," said Frisk. "I was heart-sick before; now I feel quite cheered up. We must do our best; and if we suffer again, why, we must have another chat."

"I must go to my kits now," said Pussy.  
"Good-night!"

"Good-night!" said they all. Then silence fell upon the old barn.



